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HEART—A TALE.

BY J. FENNIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

"Some live in airy fantasies,  
And in the clouds do move,  
And some do burn with inward flames—  
But few know how to love."

ANON. BALLAD.

CHAPTER I.

On one of those clear, cold days of December, which so frequently occur in our climate, two very young women were walking on the fashionable promenade of New York. In the person of the elder of these females there was exhibited nothing more than the usual indications of youth and health; but there were a delicacy and an expression of exquisite feeling in the countenance of her companion, that caused many a plodding or idle passenger to turn and renew the gaze, which had been attracted by so lovely a person. Her figure was light, and possessed rather a character of ærial grace, than the usual rounded lines of earthly beauty; and her face was beaming more with the sentiments of the soul within, than with the ordinary charms of complexion and features. It was precisely that kind of youthful loveliness that a childless husband would pause to contemplate as the reality of the visions which his thoughts had often portrayed, and which his nature coveted as the only treasure wanting to complete the sum of his earthly bliss. It truly looked a being to be loved without the usual alloy of our passions; and there was a modest ingenuousness which shone

in her air, that gently impelled the hearts of others to regard its possessor with a species of holy affection. Amongst the gay throng, however, that thoughtlessly glided along the Broadway, even this image of female perfection was suffered to move unnoticed by hundreds; and it was owing to the obstruction offered to the passage of the ladies, by a small crowd that had gathered on the side-walk, that a gentleman of uncommon personal endowments enjoyed an opportunity of examining it with more than ordinary attention. The eldest of the females drew her companion away from this impediment to their passage, by moving towards the opposite side of the street, and observing, as they crossed, with an indifference in her manner:

"It is nothing, Charlotte, but a drunken man; if people will drink, they must abide the consequences."

"He does not seem intoxicated, Maria," replied the other, in a voice whose tones corresponded with her appearance; "it is some sudden illness."

"One that, I dare say, he is accustomed to," said Maria, without having even taken such a look at the sufferer as would enable her to identify his color; "he will be well enough after he has slept."

"But is the pavement a place for him to sleep

on?" rejoined her companion, still gazing towards the miserable object; "and if he should be ill!—why do they not raise him? why do they suffer him to injure himself as he does?"

The speaker, at the same time that she shrunk in a kind of sensitive horror from this exhibition of human infirmities, now unconsciously stopped, with an interest in the man that she could not control, and thus compelled Maria to pause also. The crowd had withdrawn from the man, giving him sufficient room to roll over, in evident pain, while they yet stood gazing at him, with that indefinable feeling of curiosity and nerveless sympathy, which characterises man when not called on to act, by emulation, vanity, or the practice of well-doing. No one offered to assist the sufferer, although many said it ought to be done; some spoke of sending for those who monopolized the official charity of the city;—many, having satisfied their curiosity, and finding that the moment for action was arriving, quietly withdrew from a trouble that would interfere with their comforts or their business—while a few felt an impulse to aid the man, but hesitated in being foremost in doing that which would be honorable to their feelings, but might not accord with their condition, or might seem as the ostentatious display of unusual benevolence. Where men are congregated, conduct must be regulated by the touchstone of public opinion; and, although it is the fashion of New York to applaud acts of charity, and to do them too in a particular manner—it is by no means usual to run to the assistance of a fellow creature who is lying in distress on a pavement. Whatever might be the impulses of the gentleman whom we have mentioned, his attention was too much absorbed by the conversation and manner of the two ladies to regard any thing else, and he followed them across the street, and stopped also when they paused to view the scene. He was inwardly and deeply admiring the most youthful of the females, for the natural and simple display of those very qualities that he himself forgot to exercise, when he was roused with a feeling something like mortification, by hearing Charlotte exclaim, with a slight glow on her cheek—

"Ah! there is George Morton coming—he surely will not pass the poor man without offering to assist him."

The gentleman turned his head quickly, and no-

ticed a youth making his way through the crowd successfully, to the side of the sufferer. The distance was too great to hear what passed—but an empty coach, whose driver had stopped to gaze with the rest, was instantly drawn up, and followed by the youth, whose appearance had effected these movements with the silence and almost the quickness of magic.

George Morton was far from possessing the elegant exterior of the uneasy observer of this scene, yet were the eyes of the lovely young woman who had caught his attention, fixed in evident delight on his person, until it was hid from view in the carriage; when, drawing a long breath, as if relieved from great uneasiness, she said, in a low voice—

"I knew that George Morton would not pass him so unfeelingly—but where are they going? not far I hope on this cold day—and George without his great coat."

There was a plaintive and natural melody in the tones of the speaker's voice, as she thus unconsciously uttered her concern, that impelled the listener to advance to the side of the carriage, where a short conversation passed between the gentlemen, and the stranger returned to the ladies, who were yet lingering near the spot, apparently unwilling to depart from a scene that had so deeply interested one of them. Raising his hat, the gentleman, addressing himself to the magnet that had attracted him, said—

"Your friend declined the offer of my coat, and says that the carriage is quite warm—they are going to the alms-house, and I am happy to inform you that the poor man is already much better, and is recovering from his fit."

Charlotte now for the first time observed the speaker, and a blush passed over her face as she courtesied her thanks in silence. But her companion aroused from gazing at the finery of a shop window, by the voice of a stranger, turned quickly and with very manifest satisfaction, exclaimed—

"Bless me! Mr. Delafield—I did not observe you before! then you think the poor wretch will not die?"

"Ah! assuredly not," returned the gentleman, recognising the face of an acquaintance, with an animation he could not conceal: "but how inadvertent I have been, not to have noticed Miss Osgood before!"—While speaking his eyes rested on the lovely countenance of her

friend, as if, by their direction, he meant to explain the reason of his remissness.

"We were both too much engaged with the sufferings of the poor man, for until this moment, I did not observe you,"—said the lady—with that kind of instinctive quickness that teaches the fair the importance of an amiable exterior, in the eyes of the other sex.

"Doubtless," returned the gentleman, gravely, and for the first time withdrawing his gaze from the countenance of Charlotte; but the precaution was unnecessary:—the young lady had been too much engrossed with her own sensations to notice the conduct of others, and from the moment that the carriage had driven out of sight, had kept her eyes on the ground, as she walked silently and unobtrusively by the side of her companion.

"Miss Henley—Mr. Seymour Delafield," said Maria.

The silent bow and courtesy that followed this introduction was succeeded by an animated discourse between the gentleman and his old acquaintance, which was but seldom interrupted by any remark from their more retiring companion. Whenever she did speak, the gentleman listened with the most flattering attention, that was the more remarkable, from the circumstance of his talking frequently at the same time with Maria Osgood. The trio took a long walk together, and returned to the house of Mr. Henly, in time for the necessary arrangements for the coming dinner. It was when within a short distance from the dwelling of Charlotte, that the gentleman ventured to allude to the event that had made them acquainted.

"The fearless manner in which you predicted the humanity of Mr. Morton, would be highly gratifying to himself, Miss Henly," he observed; "and were I of his acquaintance, it should be my task to inform him of your good opinion."

"I believe Mr. Morton has not now to learn that," said Charlotte, simply, but dropping her eyes; "I have been the next door neighbor of George all my life, and have seen too much of his goodness of heart not to have expressed the same opinion often."

"But not to himself," cried Maria; "so, Mr. Delafield, if you wish to apprise him of his good fortune, you have only to attend my music party to-morrow evening and I will take particular care that you get acquainted with the humane hero."

The invitation was gladly accepted, and the gentleman took his leave at the door of the house.

"Well, Charlotte, you have seen him at last!" cried Maria, the instant the door had closed; "and I am dying to know how you like him!"

"To save your life," said the other laughingly, "I will say a great deal, although you so often accuse me of taciturnity—but who is him?"

"Him! why, Delafield!—Seymour Delafield!—the pattern for all the beaux—the magnet for all the belles—and the delight of all the parents in town!"

"His own, too?" inquired Charlotte a little archly.

"He has none—they are dead and gone—but their money is left behind, and that brings him fathers and mothers by the dozen."

"It is fortunate that he can supply their loss in any way," said Charlotte with emphasis.

"To be sure he can; he can do more than you or I could, my dear; he can pick his parents from the best in the city—and, therefore he ought to be well provided."

"And could he be better provided, as you call it, in that respect, than ourselves?" asked Miss Henly a little reproachfully.

"Oh no, surely not; now if he were a woman, how soon would he be married!—why child, they say he is worth at least three hundred thousand dollars! he'd be a bride in a month!"

"And miserable, perhaps, in a year," said Charlotte; "it is fortunate for him that he is a man, by your tale, or his wealth might purchase misery for him."

"Oh! no one can be miserable that is well married," cried Maria. "Heigho! the idea of old maidism is too shocking to think about!"

"Why does not Mr. Delafield get married, then, if marriage be so very desirable?" said Miss Henly, smiling at the customary rattle of her companion: "he can easily get a wife, you say?"

"It is the difficulty of choosing—there are so many attentive to him—"

"Maria!"

"Mercy! I beg pardon of female delicacy!—but since the young man has returned from his travels, he has been so much—much courted—nay, by the old people, I mean—and the girls

beckon him about so—and its Mr. Delafield, have you read *Salmagundi*?—and, Mr. Delafield, have you seen Cooke?—and Mr. Delafield, do you think we shall have war?—and have you seen Bonaparte? And in short, Mr. Delafield, with his handsome person, and three hundred thousand dollars, has been so much all-in-all to the ladies, that the man has never time to choose a wife!”

“I really wonder that you never took the office upon yourself,” said Charlotte, busied in throwing aside her coat and gloves; “you appear to have so much interest in the gentleman.”

“Oh! I did, a month since—the moment that he landed.”

“Indeed! and who was it?”

“Myself.”

“And have you told him of your choice?” asked the other, laughing.

“Not with my tongue; but with my eyes, a thousand times—and with all that unspeakable language that female invention can supply:—I go where he goes—if I see him in the street behind me, I move slowly and with dignity; still he passes me—if before me, I am in a hurry—but—”

“You pass him?” interrupted Charlotte, amused with her companion’s humor.

“Exactly—we never keep an equal pace; this is the first time that he has walked with me since he returned from abroad—and for this honor I am clearly indebted to yourself.”

“To me, Maria,” said Charlotte, in surprise.

“To none other—he talked to me, but he looked at you. Ah! he knows by instinct that you are an only child—and I do believe that the wretch knows that I have twelve brothers and sisters—but you had better take him, Charlotte; he is worth twenty George Mortons—at least, in money.”

“What have the merits of George Morton and Mr. Delafield to do with each other?” asked Charlotte, removing her hat, and exhibiting a head of hair that opportunely fell in rich profusion over her shoulders, so as to conceal the unusual flush on her, ordinarily, pale cheek. This concluded the conversation; for Charlotte instantly left the room, and was occupied for some time in giving such orders as her office as assistant in housekeeping to her mother rendered necessary.

Charlotte Henley was the only child that had been left from six who were born to her parents, the others having died in their infancy. The deaths of the rest of their children had occasioned the affection of her parents to centre in the last of their offspring with more than common warmth; and the tenderness of their love was heightened by the extraordinary qualities of their child. Possessed of an abundance of the goods of this world, these doating parents were looking around with intense anxiety among their acquaintance, and watching for the choice that was to determine the worldly happiness of their daughter. Charlotte was but seventeen, yet the customs of the country, and the temptations of her expected wealth, together with her own attractions, had already placed her within the notice of the world. But no symptom of that incipient affection which was to govern her life, could either of her parents ever discover; and in the exhibitions of her attachments, there was nothing to be seen but that quiet and regulated esteem, which grows out of association and good sense, and which is so obviously different from the restless and varying emotions that are said to belong to the passion of love.

Maria Osgood was a distant relative, and an early associate, who, although as different from her cousin in appearance and character as black is from white, was still dear to the latter, both from habit and her unconquerable good nature.

George Morton, the youth of whom such honorable mention has been made, was the son of a gentleman who had long resided in the neighborhood to Mr. Henley in the city, and who also possessed a country-house near his own villa.—These circumstances had induced an intimacy between the families that was cemented by the good opinion each entertained of the qualities of the other, and which had been so long and so often tried in scenes of happiness and misery, that were known to both. Young Morton was a few years the senior of Charlotte; and, at the time of commencing our tale, was but lately released from his collegiate labors. His goodness of heart and simplicity of manners made him an universal favorite; while the peculiarity of their situation brought him oftener before the notice of Charlotte than any other young man of her acquaintance. But, notwithstanding the intimation of Maria Osgood, none of their friends in the least suspected any other feeling



to exist between the youthful pair, than the natural and very obvious one of disinterested esteem.

As the family seated themselves at the dinner table, their guest exclaimed, in the heedless way that characterized her manner—

"Oh! Mrs. Henly, I have to congratulate you on the prospects of your soon having a son, and one as amiable and attractive as your daughter."

"Indeed!" returned the matron, comprehending the other's meaning, intuitively, "and what may be the young gentleman's name?"

"You will be the envy of all the mothers in town," continued Maria, "and deservedly so. Two such children to fall to the lot of one mother!—Nay, do not shake your head, Charlotte; it must and shall be a match, I am determined."

"My friendship for you would deter me from the measure, should nothing else interfere," said Charlotte, good-humoredly.

"Ah! I have already abandoned my pretensions—twelve brothers and sisters, my dear, are a dreadful addition to bring into a family at once!"

"I am sure I do not think so," returned Charlotte, timidly glancing her eye at her mother; "besides, I feel bound in honor to remember your original intention."

"I tell you I have abandoned it, with all thoughts of the youth."

"And who is the youth?" asked Mrs. Henly, affecting an indifference she did not feel.

"You will have the handsomest son in the city, certainly," said Maria; "and possibly the richest—and the most learned—and undeniably, the most admired!"

"You quite excite my curiosity to know who this paragon can be," said the mother, looking at her husband, who returned the glance with one of equal solicitude.

"I do not think he is more than four and twenty," added Maria; "and his black eyes would form a charming contrast to your blue ones."

"To whom does Miss Osgood allude?" asked Mrs. Henly, yielding to a solicitude that she could no longer control.

"To Mr. Seymour Delafield," said Charlotte, raising her mild eyes to the face of her mother, and smiling, as she delicately pared her apple, with a simple ingenuousness that banished un-

easiness from the breast of her parent in an instant.

"I know him," said Mr. Henly; "but I did not think you had ever seen him, Charlotte."

"We met him in our morning walk, sir, and Maria introduced him."

"He is thought to be very handsome," continued her father, helping himself to a glass of wine while speaking.

"And very justly," returned the daughter;

"I think him the handsomest man that I have ever seen."

"Have I your permission for telling him so?" cried Maria, with a laugh.

"I have no objection to his knowing it on my own account, except from the indelicacy of complimenting gentlemen," said Charlotte, with perfect simplicity; "but whether it would be beneficial to himself or not, you can best judge."

"You think him vain, then?" observed her mother.

"Not in the least; or rather, he did not exhibit it to me," was the answer, with the same open air as before.

"He has also a great reputation for good sense," continued her father, avoiding the face of his child.

"I thought he had wit, sir."

"And not good sense?"

"Am I a judge?" asked Charlotte, rising, and holding a lighted paper to her father, while he took a new segar. Her clear blue eyes resting on him in the fullness of filial affection, as she performed this office, and the open air with which she bent forward to receive the kiss he offered in thanks, removed any apprehensions which the name of their morning's companion might have excited.

Mr. Henly knew nothing concerning this young man that would have induced him to avoid the connection, but still he had not yet examined his character with that searching vigilance that he thought due to the innocence and merit of his child. Determining within himself, however, that this was a task that should no longer be neglected, he rose, and telling the ladies that he left the bottle with them, withdrew to his study.

The door had hardly closed behind Mr. Henly when George Morton entered the dining-parlor, with the freedom of an old friend, and telling

Mrs Henly that, in consequence of his family dining out and his own engagements, he was fasting, and begged her charity for a meal. From the instant that he appeared, Charlotte had risen with alacrity, and was no sooner acquainted with his wants, than she rang to order what he required. She brought him a glass of sparkling wine, with her own hands, and pushing a chair nearer to the fire than the one he occupied, she said—

"Sit here, George, you appear chilled—I thought you would miss your coat."

"I thank you," returned the youth, turning on her an eye of the most open affection; "I do feel unusually cold, and begin to think, that with my weak lungs it would have been more prudent to have taken a surtout."

"And how was the poor man when you left him?"

"Much better, and in extremely good quarters," said George; and turning quickly to Miss Osgood, he added, "So, Miss Maria, your beau has condescended to walk with you at last?"

"Yes, Mr. Impudence," said Maria, smiling; "but come, fill your mouth with food and be silent."

He did as requested, and the conversation changed.

## CHAPTER II.

Notwithstanding the plenteous gifts which Providence had bestowed on the parents of Maria in the way of descendants, fortune had sufficiently smiled on his labors to enable him to educate them in what is called a genteel manner, and to support them in a corresponding style. The family of Mr. Osgood exhibited one of those pictures which are so frequent in America, where no other artificial distinctions exist in society than those which are created by wealth, and where obscurity has no other foe to contend with than the demon of poverty. His children were indulged in luxuries that his death was to dissipate, and enjoyed an opulence that was only co-existent with the life of the parent. Accordingly, the music party that assembled on the following evening at the house of Mr. Osgood, was brilliant, large, and fashionable. Seven grown-up daughters was a melancholy sight for the contemplation of the parents, and

they both felt like venders of goods who were exhibiting their wares to the best advantage. The splendid chandeliers and lustres of the drawing-room were lighted for the same reason as the lamps in the glittering retail stores of Broadway; and the brilliant effect of the taste of the young ladies was intended much like the nightly lustre of the lottery offices, to tempt adventurers to try their chances. From this premeditated scheme of conquest we ought, in justice, however, to exempt Maria herself, who, from constitutional gayety and thoughtlessness seldom planned for the morrow; and who, perhaps, from her association with Charlotte, had acquired a degree of disinterestedness that certainly belonged to no other member of the family.

Whatever were the views of the family in collecting their friends and acquaintances on this important evening, they were completely successful in one point at least, for, before nine, half the dilettanti of the city were assembled in Greenwich St., in a most elaborate state of musical excitement. Charlotte Henly, of course, was of the party, although she was absolutely ignorant of a single note, nor knew how to praise a scientific execution, or to manifest disgust at simple melody. But her importance in the world of fashion, and her friend Maria, obtained her a place. There was a person that secretly influenced Charlotte in selecting her evening's amusement, that was not known even to her friend.—George Morton played on the German flute in a manner that vibrated on her nerves with an exquisite thrill that she often strove to conquer, and yet ever loved to indulge. His musical powers were far from being generally applauded, as they were thought to be deficient in compass and variety; but Charlotte never descended to criticism in music. She conceived it to be an enjoyment for the senses only, or, rather, she thought nothing about it; and if the sounds failed to delight her, she unhesitatingly attributed it to an absence of melody. It was to listen to the flute of George Morton, then, that the drawing-room of Mrs. Osgood was adorned with the speaking countenance of Miss Henly.

Among the guests who made an early appearance in this "Temple of Apollo," was the youth who had attended the ladies in their walk. Seymour Delafield glanced his eye impatiently

around the apartment, as soon as he had paid the customary compliments to the mistress of the mansion and her bevy of fair daughters; but a look of disappointment, betrayed the search to be an unsuccessful one. Both the look and the result were noticed by Maria; and, turning a glance of rather saucy meaning on the gentleman, she said—

"I apprehend your flute, which, by the bye, I am glad to see you have brought, will be rather in the *penseroso* style this evening, Mr. Delafield."

"Unless enlivened by the contagious gayety of your smile," returned Delafield, endeavoring to look excessively unconcerned; "but—"

"Oh! my laugh is very musical, I know," interrupted Maria; "but then it is so often shockingly out of time."

"It seldom fails to produce an accompaniment," said the gentleman, now smiling in reality; "but—"

"Where is Charlotte Henly?" said the young lady, again interrupting him; "she has a perfect horror of the tuning of fiddles, and the preparatory thrummings on the piano; so endeavor to preserve the harmony of your temper for the second act."

"Well! it is some relief to know she is coming at all," cried Seymour, quickly; and then, recovering, himself, with perfect breeding, he added—"for one would wish to see you as happy as all your friends can make you, on such an occasion."

"I am extremely indebted to your unbounded philanthropy," said Maria, rising and courtesying with great gravity; "do not doubt of its being honorably mentioned at—"

"Nay, nay," cried the youth, coloring and laughing, "you would not think of mentioning my remarks to—"

"At the next meeting of the Dorcas Society, of which I am an unworthy member," continued Maria, without listening to his remonstrance.

Seymour Delafield now laughed without any affectation—and exchanging a look of perfect consciousness of each other's meaning, they separated, as the preparations for the business of the evening were about to commence. For a short time there was a confusion of sounds that perfectly justified the absence of Miss Henly, when the music began in earnest. Within half an hour, Mr. Delafield, who had suffered himself

to be drawn to the back of the chair of a professed belle, turning his head to conceal a yawn that neither the lady's skill nor his good manners could repress, observed Charlotte sitting quietly by the side of her friend. Her entrance had been conducted with such tact, that had she possessed the most musical ear imaginable, it were impossible to disturb the party less; a circumstance that did not fail to impress Seymour agreeably, from its novelty. He moved to the side of the fair vision that had engrossed all his thoughts since the moment they had first met, and took the chair that the good nature of Miss Osgood offered to his acceptance between them.

"Thank fortune, Miss Henly," he said, the moment he was seated, "that bravura has ceased, and I can now inquire how you recovered from the fatigue of your walk?"

"I suffered no fatigue to recover from," replied the lady, raising her eyes to his with an expression that told the youth he had better talk straight forward at once; "I walk too much to be fatigued with so short an excursion."

"You came here to favor us with your skill on the harp, Miss Henly?"

"No."

"On the piano?"

"On neither—I play on nothing."

"You sing then?"

"Not at all."

"What! not with that voice?" exclaimed the young man, in surprise.

"Not with this voice, and surely with no other."

Seymour felt uneasy, and, perhaps, disappointed. He did not seem to have roused a single sensation in the breast of his companion, and it was seldom that the elegant possessor of three hundred thousand dollars failed to do so, wherever he went, or whatever he did. But in the present instance, there was nothing to be discerned in the countenance or manner of Charlotte that indicated any thing more than the sweetness of her nature and the polish of her breeding. He changed the subject.

"I hope your friend did not suffer yesterday from his humanity?"

"I sincerely hope so, too," said Charlotte, with much simplicity, and yet with a good deal of feeling.

"I am fearful that we idle spectators," continued the gentleman, "suffered in your esti-

mation, in not discovering equal benevolence with Mr. Morton."

Charlotte glanced her mild eyes at the speaker, but made no reply.

"Your silence, Miss Henly, assures me of the truth of my conjecture."

"You should never put a disagreeable construction on the acts of another," said Charlotte, with a sweetness that tended greatly to dissipate the mortification Mr. Delafield really felt, at the same time that he was unwilling to acknowledge it, even to himself.

They were now again interrupted by the music, which continued some time, during which George Morton made his appearance.—His coat close buttoned to his throat, and an extra silk handkerchief around his neck, which he removed only after he entered the apartment, immediately arrested the attention of Charlotte Henley. Turning to Maria, she said, in tones of real interest that can never be mistaken for manner—

"I am afraid that George has suffered from his exposure. Do not ask him to play, for he will be sure to comply."

"Oh! the chicken has only taken cold," cried Maria; "if he does not play, what will you do? You came here to hear him only."

"Has Miss Henly ears for no other performer, then?" asked Seymour Delafield.

"Miss Henly has as many ears as other people," said Maria, "but she does not condescend to use them on all occasions."

"Rather say," cried Charlotte, laughing, "that the want of taste in Miss Henly renders her ears of but little use to her."

"You are not fond of music, then," asked the youth, a little vexed at thinking that an accomplishment on which he prided himself would fail to make its usual impression.

"Passionately!" exclaimed Charlotte; then, coloring to the eyes, she added, "at least I sometimes think so, but I believe I am thought to be without taste."

"Those who think so must want it themselves," said Seymour in a low voice; then, obedient to the beck of one of the presiding nymphs, he hastened to take his share in the performance.

"Now Charlotte, you little prude!" whispered her friend, the instant he withdrew, "is he not very, very handsome?"

"Very," said Charlotte; "more so than any other gentleman I have ever seen."

"And engaging, and agreeable, and gentlemanlike?"

"Agreeable and gentlemanlike, too."

"And graceful, and lovable?"

"Graceful, certainly; and very possible, lovable to those who know him."

"Know him!—what more would you know of the man? You see his beauty and elegance—you witness his breeding—you listen to his sense and information—what more is necessary to fall in love with him?"

"Really, I pretend to no reasoning upon the subject, at all," said Charlotte, smiling; "but if you have such an intention, indulge in it freely, I beg of you, for you will not find a rival in me. But, listen, he is about to play a solo on his flute."

A man with three hundred thousand dollars may play a solo, but he never can be alone where there are any to listen. The hearts of many throb at the very breathings of wealth through a flute, who would remain callous to the bitterest sighs of poverty. But Delafield possessed other attractions to catch the attention of the audience: his powers on the instrument greatly exceeded those of any of his competitors, and his execution was really wonderful; every tongue was silent, every ear was attentive, and every head nodded approbation, accepting that of our heroine. Delafield, perfectly master of his instrument and the music, fixed his eye on the countenance of Charlotte, and he experienced a thrill at his heart as he witnessed her lovely face smiling approbation, while his fingers glided over the flute with a rapidity and skill that produced an astonishing variety and gradation of sounds. At length, thought he, I have succeeded, and have made an impression on this charming girl that is allied to admiration. The idea gave him spirits for the task, and his performance exceeded anything the company had ever witnessed before. On laying down the instrument, he approached the place where the friends were sitting, with an exultation in his eye that was inferior only in modesty in power to captivate.

"Certainly, Mr. Delafield," cried Maria Osgood, "you have outdone your own out-doings."

"If I have been so fortunate as to please here, then I am rewarded indeed," said the youth,

with a bow and an expression that rendered it a little doubtful to which of the ladies the compliment was addressed. At this instant George Morton approached them.

"Mr. Delafield, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Morton," said Maria, glancing her eye at the former in a manner that he understood.

"I have great pleasure in taking Mr. Morton by the hand," said Seymour, "if he will excuse the want of ceremony in this company. The lesson that you gave to me yesterday, sir, will not soon be forgotten."

"In what manner, sir?" inquired George, with a little embarrassment and a conscious blush.

"In teaching me, among others, Mr. Morton, the difference between active and passive humanity—that which is satisfied with feeling and that which prompts to serve."

To this unexpected compliment, young Morton could do more than bow in silence, for it was too flattering for a reply—and too true to deny. As Delafield turned his eye, at a little loss to know whether to be pleased or not with his own humility, he met a look from Charlotte that more than rewarded him for the effort. It was a mild, benevolent, pure glance, that spoke of admiration and heartfelt pleasure. He forgot his solo, and the expected compliments; and, for the rest of the evening, that thrilling expression floated in his brain, and was present to his thoughts. It was worth a thousand of the studied glances that were continually aimed at him from all sides of the room, and with every variety of eye—from the piercing black, to the ogling gray. It was a look that came directly from, and went to, the heart. If young ladies always knew how nicely nature has qualified the other sex, to judge of their actions, what multitudes of astonishingly expressive glances—and artfully contrived gestures, and movements, would sink down into looks that indicated feelings and motives that were adapted to the occasion!—What a trouble in creating incidents that might draw out charms would be avoided! And, in short, how much extra labor, both of body and mind, would be spared! This agreeable contemplation of Mr. Delafield was soon interrupted by the cheerful voice of Maria Osgood, who cried—

"Bless me, George, you really do look ill."

"It is seldom that I have much health to

boast of," replied the youth, in a feeble voice and with a still feebler smile.

"But," said Maria, without reflecting, "you look worse than usual."

There was so much truth in this remark, that the young man could only smile in silence, while Seymour, surveying the very plain exterior of his new acquaintance, turned his eyes with additional satisfaction towards a mirror that reflected his own form from head to feet.

"You will not attempt the flute to-night, George," said Charlotte.

"I believe I must, or not fulfil my engagement to Mrs. Osgood."

"Surely," continued Charlotte, in a low tone to her friend, "George had better not play, looking ill as he does."

"Certainly not; and besides, his performances would not shine after that of Mr. Delafield."

Seymour overheard this speech, which was really intended only for the ear of Charlotte, and he was instantly seized with an unaccountable desire to hear the flute of Mr. Morton. Seymour was conscious that he played well, and could he have forgotten the indifference that Miss Henly exhibited to his performance, would have been abundantly flattered by the encomiums that were lavished on his skill.

A request from the mistress of the mansion now compelled George to make his appearance among the musicians, and in a few minutes his flute was heard alone. There was a vacancy in the looks of Charlotte, during the scientific execution of the different individuals who had been laboring at the several instruments in the course of the evening, that denoted a total indifference to the display. But, the moment that George was called on to take his part in the entertainment, this listlessness disappeared, and was succeeded by an expression of intense interest and deep anxiety.

The melody of George was simple and plaintive; he aimed at no extraordinary exhibition of skill, and it was difficult to compare his music to that of Seymour. The latter, however, studied the countenance of the young lady near him, as the best index to their comparative merit; and he was soon able to read his own want of success. For the first few minutes, anxiety was the principal expression portrayed in her lovely face, but it was soon succeeded by a deep and powerful emotion. There is something



contagious in the natural expression of our passions, that insensibly enlists the sympathies of the beholder—and Seymour felt a soft melancholy stealing over him as he gazed, that was but a faint reflection of the tenderness excited in the breast of Charlotte, while she listened to sounds that seemed to penetrate her very soul. There is no mistaking the effect of music that depends only on its melody. Its appeal to the heart is direct and unequivocal, and nothing but callous indifference can resist its power. The most profound silence pervaded the apartment, and George was enabled to finish his piece with a spirit that increased with the attention. As the last breathing notes died on the ear, Delafield turned to meet those eyes which had already secured an unconscious victory, and saw them moistened with a lustre that added to their natural softness. Beauty in tears is proverbially irresistible—and the youth, bending forward, said in a voice that was modulated to the stillness of the room—

"Such melody, Miss Henly, captivates the senses."

"Does it not touch the heart?" asked the young lady, with a little of unusual animation.

"The heart too. But Mr. Morton looks exhausted after his labors."

All the pleasure which had shone in the countenance of Charlotte, vanished instantly, and gave place to deep concern.

"Oh! it is unjustifiable, thus to purchase pleasure at the expense of another," said she, in a tone that Seymour scarcely heard.

How tenderly would the man be loved, thought the youth, who succeeded in engaging the affections of this young creature!—how disinterested is her regard—and how considerate are her feelings! Here will I trust my hopes for happiness in this life, and here will I conquer, or here will I die! No two persons could possibly be actuated by sensations more different than Charlotte and Seymour Delafield. He had been so long palled with the attentions of managing mothers and designing daughters; had seen so much of female manœuvring, and had so easily seen through it, that the natural and inartificial loveliness of Charlotte, touched his senses with a freshness of delicacy that to him was as captivating as it was novel. Upon unpractised men the arts of the sex are often successful, but generally they are allies that in-

crease the number of the assailants, without promoting the victory. It is certain that many a fair one played that evening in order that Mr. Delafield might applaud; that some sighed that he might hear, and others ogled that he might sigh; but not one made the impression that the quiet, speaking eye, and artless but peaceful nature of Charlotte produced on the youth. While this novel feeling was gaining ground in the bosom of Mr. Delafield, Charlotte saw nothing in her new acquaintance but a gentleman of extraordinary personal beauty, agreeable manners, and graceful address—qualities that are always sure to please, and, not unusually, to captivate. But to her he was a stranger, and Charlotte, who never thought or reasoned on the subject, would have been astonished had one seriously spoken of her loving him. The road to conquest with her lay through her heart, and was but little connected with her imagination.

"Heigho! George," cried Maria, as he approached. "You have given me the dol-fu-fuls."

"And me both pleasure and pain," said Charlotte.

"Why the latter?" asked the youth quickly.

"Surely it was imprudent in you to play, with such a cold."

The lip of the youth quivered, and a smile of mournful but undefinable meaning passed over his features, but he continued silent.

"It is to be hoped it had one good effect at least," continued Maria.

"Such as what?"

"Such as putting the little dears to sleep in the nursery, which is directly over our heads."

"It is well if I have done that little good," said George.

"You have brought tears into eyes that should never weep," cried Delafield, "and melancholy to a countenance that seems formed by nature to convey an idea of peaceful content."

Morton looked earnestly at the speaker for a moment, when a painful feeling seemed suddenly to seize on his heart—for his cheek grew paler, and his lip quivered with an agitation that apparently he could not control. Charlotte alone, noticed the alteration, and, speaking in a low tone, she said—

"Do go home, George; you are far from being well—to oblige me, go home."

"To oblige you, I would do much more unwelcome biddings," he replied, with a slight color; "but I believe you are right; and, having discharged my duty here, I will retire."

He rose, and paying the customary compliments to the mistress of the mansion, withdrew. With him disappeared all the awakened interest of Charlotte in the scene.

In vain was Seymour Delafield attentive, polite, and even particularly so. That devotedness of admiration for which so many sighed, and which so many envied, was entirely thrown away upon Charlotte. She listened, she bowed, and she smiled—and, sometimes she answered; but it was evidently without meaning or interest, until, wearied with his fruitless efforts to make an impression, and perhaps with a hope of exciting a little jealousy, he turned his attention to her more lively companion.

"Your mother's nursery, Miss Osgood," he cried, "ought on such an occasion to be tenantless."

"You think there are enough of us here to make it so," returned the lady with an affected sigh.

"I really had not observed the number of your charming family—how many are there of you?"

"A baker's dozen."

Charlotte laughed, and the youth felt mortified. The laugh was natural, and clearly extorted without a thought of himself.

"When you are all married," he said, "you will form a little world in yourselves."

"When the sky falls we shall catch larks."

"Surely, you intend to marry?"

Maria made no reply, but turned her eyes on Delafield, with an affected expression of melancholy that excited another laugh in her friend.

"You certainly have made no rash vow on the subject," continued Seymour, pretending to a slight interest in her answer.

"My troth is not yet plighted," said the lady, a little archly.

"But there is no telling how long it will continue so."

"I am afraid so—thirteen is a dreadful divisor for a small family estate."

A general movement in the party was gladly seized by Charlotte as an excuse to go, and Delafield handed her to her carriage, with the mortifying conviction that she was utterly indifferent to everything but the civility of the act.

(Concluded in next No)

## WOODLAND MELODIES.

No. 2.

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun."

"Spirit of the Past, look not so at me with thy great tearful eyes." [*Hyperion*].

### I.

From out thy cloud of dewy light,  
As o'er me burns the evening star,  
Come to my lonely dream of night,  
And meet my soul from realms afar.

### II.

She stands before me—God of Love!  
Brighter than in her day of youth,  
Radiant in vesture from above,  
The heart of fire, the soul of truth.

### III.

Spirit of Beauty! art thou here?  
My loved, my gentle Frances, speak!

I'll kiss away the frozen tear,  
That stands upon thy marble cheek!

### IV.

Sweet Seraph! let one smile of thine  
For years of silent grief atone;  
Thy presence makes the hour divine—  
Thou'rt gone, and I again am lone.

### V.

Who now, with anxious eye, shall watch,  
In hours of pain, my fevered sleep;  
My deep, extatic feelings catch,  
And with me sigh, and laugh, and weep.

### VI.

The joys of Nature's solitudes  
Henceforth my hope and home shall be;  
My bride shall be the glorious woods,  
My melodies—the sounding sea!

[Written for the Boston Notion.]

## THE LAST SONG OF THE BILOXI.

A TRADITION OF THE SOUTH.

From a new series of "Southern Passages and Pictures," now in preparation, by

**W. GILMORE SIMMS,**

The author of "The Kinsman," "Yemassee," "Atalantis," &amp;c.

The Bay of Pascagoula is a lovely and retired spot, lying at nearly equal travelling distances between the cities of Mobile and New Orleans. It has long been famous among persons of taste in those cities, for its quiet beauties; but more so on account of a very singular and sweet superstition which pertains to it. A remarkable and most spiritual kind of music, is heard, above and around its waters, from which it is supposed to issue. The sound is fitful, occurring by day and night, at all hours, sometimes with more or less strength and fulness, but always very sweet and touching in its strains. Some compare it to the wind harp, which, indeed, it sometimes most wonderfully resembles.—Others liken it to the humming of an insect of great and curious powers. The Indian tradition explanatory of this music,—which no philosophical speculation has yet ventured to disturb,—is one of a beauty not often surpassed. The story goes that the whole Southwest was once controlled, and in the possession of a people called 'The Biloxi';—that these people had attained to a very high, if not a perfect civilization,—that they were versed in various arts, profound lovers of music, and were finally enervated by the arts which they professed. They were overrun and conquered by the fiercest tribes coming from the West. They made a last stand on the borders of the sea, by Pascagoula, when driven from all other positions. Here they erected a fortress, the ruins of which are still said to be seen, though the work so described as theirs, was probably erected by some one of the roving bands of Spanish or French who first brought the traces of European civilization into the country. The last struggles of the Biloxi were protracted, as became the efforts of a brave nation fighting for life and liberty. But they fought in vain. Famine came in to the assistance of their enemies, and unconditional submission or death became the only alternatives. They chose the last; and men, women and children proceeded to the sacrifice, which was as solemn, and perhaps more touching, than that of the citizens of Saguntum, under like circumstances. Throwing open the gates of their fortress at a moment when the assailants were withdrawn, they marched down to the waters of the bay, singing their last song of death and defiance. With unshaken resolution they pressed forward until the waters finally engulfed them all. None survived. The strange spiritual music of the Bay of Pascagoula is said to be

the haunting echo of that last melancholy strain. The story is more fully detailed in the lines which follow.



Beautiful spread these waters 'neath mine eye,  
Glassy and clear, by myrtles overhung;—  
Blue swell the heavens above them, in their depths  
Far down reflected—arch more beautiful,  
Less bright, unblazing with the noonday star.  
I wander by the islands near the sea,  
That, from the Mexique Bay, a tribute deep,  
Rolls in on Pascagoula. There it sinks,  
And sleeps, with faintest murmurs; or, with strife,  
Brought from more turbulent regions, still bears on,  
With lifted crest, and lips of whitening foam  
To battle with Biloxi. Short the strife!—  
Feebler at each recoil, its languid waves,  
Fling themselves, listless, on the yellow sands,  
With a sweet chiding, as of grief that moans,  
Oblivion's not in slumber, of the strife,  
That slumber still subdues. A dream of peace  
Succeeds, and all her images arise,  
To hallow the fair picture. Ocean sleeps,  
Lock'd in by earth's embrace. Her islets stand  
Grey sentinels, that guard her waste domain,  
And from their watch-towers station'd by the deep,  
Survey the midnight legions of the Gulf,  
Numberless, wild, in their blue armory,  
Forever bent on spoil. A sweet repose  
Hangs o'er the graves, and on the sloping shore,  
And the far ocean. Not a murmur chides  
The sacred silence. From the lone lagoon,  
The patriarch of the ancient Pelecan,  
Leads forth his train; though, not with plashy wing  
Break they the glassy stream whose buoyant wave  
Maintains each breast, and still reflects each form,  
Without a ripple on its face to mar  
The perfect image. Gliding thus, they steer  
To islands of green rushes, where they hide  
In sports most human;—in white glimpses seen,—  
Or by the light tops of the reeds that sway,  
Divided, in the press of struggling forms.  
But rapture hath a reign as short as peace;  
The wild fowl's sports are ended. They repose,  
By the still marge of lakes, that, in the embrace  
Of groves of cane and myrtle, steal away,  
And crouch, in sleep secure, while through the Gulf

Rolls the black hurricane. The summer-noon  
Prevails. An universal hush,  
Absorbs the drowsy hours ; and Nature droops,  
With sweetness, as upon the listless eyes  
Of beauty, steal the images of dreams,  
Made up with star-crown'd hopes and truest loves,  
And joys our purple prospects. The still air  
Falters with perfume of delicious fruits ;—  
The orange flings its fragrance to the seas,  
 wooing the zephyr thence ;—and lo ! he comes,  
Fresh from the toiling conflict with the deep,  
Upon whose breast, subduing and subdued,  
He snatches fitful rest. The glassy wave  
Smooth and serene as heaven, is broken now  
Into complaining ripples. Now his breath  
Sweeps the rush islands, while the tall reed stoops  
Its feathery crest to ocean. The grey sands,  
Whirled suddenly beneath his arrowy tread,  
Pursue his flight in vain ;—and now he glides  
Over the sacred bay, whose clear serene  
Is wimpled by his wing. Anon, he stirs  
The orange blossoms,—drinks full surfeit thence,  
And sleeps among their leaves.

I lay me down  
In the sweet keeping of the wilderness,  
Listless and blest as he ! No wild to me,  
Though lonely, are the silent groves and streams,  
That slumber in my glance. For, I have been  
A wanderer ; and denied all human ties,  
I made my friends among the hills and streams,  
Least loved or sought by man. To me they wear  
Aspects of love and kindness. Voices call  
And fair hands beckon me from alleys green,  
Amidst a world of shadow,—solitudes  
That woo the thoughtful footstep and persuade  
To realms of pensive silence—beautiful groves,  
Sad only, as their beauty blooms unsought.

These win me from my path. I turn aside ;  
My heart drinks in the sweetness of the scene,  
I gaze on ; and how lovelier grows the spot,  
To him who comes in love ! I bow my head—  
Where still she holds her matchless sov'reignty—  
To all-endowing Nature. Here she sits,  
Supreme in tangled bow'r, and scurvy mead,  
And high umbrageous forest. At her feet,  
Broad lakes spread forth their bosoms to the skies,  
Whose beauties still they bear. Sweet fountains swell,  
From loneliest depths, among the hidden dells,  
That croning 'neath the sway of sullen hills,  
Yet send their crystal sorrows down the stream,  
In secret channels ; that the world may seek,  
And free them from their darksome prison-place.  
Tree, flower and leaf, consorting with her wood,  
Impress their calm on mine. I lay me down,  
Within her solemn temple. Altars rise  
About me, of green turf ; and tufted beds,  
Of grassy and blue flow'rs, beneath my head  
Pillow it gently. Mightiest subjects stand,  
Living, and rooted in her meteor breast,—

Thick-bearded giants, that spread wide their arms,  
And shield me from the burning shafts of noon.

Now sweeter than the soft recorder's voice,  
Or lute of ravishing syren in mine ears,  
This gentle diapason of the woods ;  
This sacred concert,—airs with bending pines,  
Whose murmurs melt to one, and part again  
With new accords,—with now a catch of song,  
From bird that starts and sleeps. The fancy glows  
In spiritual converse, as I dream  
Of the old fated men of these sweet plains,—  
Departed—all their dwelling places waste,  
And their wild gods grown powerless !

Powerless ?—No !—No !—  
They have a spell for fancy, and a charm  
To waken echoes in the dreaming heart ;  
And from the prompt and sleepless sympathies,  
Extort unflinching homage. For the Past,  
They live, and live forever ; That which speaks  
For the sole moral of the faded race,  
Dies not when it hath perished. Long will speak,—  
Tradition, and the venerable groves,  
With mounds, and fragments of old implements,  
Even for the savage ;—as, in temples, books,  
Old columns, and the echoes of deep strains  
From Phoebus-smitten minstrels, still survive  
The proofs of mightier nations. Godlike proofs,  
That challenge human toil, the tooth of Time,  
And speak when he is tottering. These connect  
Races that mingled not ;—whose separate eyes,  
By years and oceans separate,—never saw  
Their mutual aspects ; yet, by sympathies,  
Born of like trials, strifes and mightiest deeds,  
Yearn for communion,—yearn to see and love ;  
And when the earthquake threatens, bear in flight  
Each glorious token of the transmitted race.

Thus lives the savage god. Here, still, he roves  
Among his hills made consecrate. Here, still,—  
By this broad glassy lake, among these groves,—  
Of yellow fruits and fragrance—o'er yon isles,  
The limit of his reign,—his old grey eye  
Still ranges, as if watchful of the trust,  
His sway no more may compass—

—Yet, no more,  
Gather the simple tubes that bow'd the knee,  
In love, or deprecation of his wrath !  
No more from plain to hill top glows the pile,  
Fired in his sacrifice ;—and, to glad his ear,  
Rolls the deep strain of forest worshippers,—  
As wild and antique song of faith and fear,—  
No more—no more !—

—'Tis sure a dream that stirs  
These sounds within my soul ; or, do I hear  
A swell of song,—sweet, sad, upon mine ear,  
That, like a wayward chaunt from out the sea,  
Rises, and floats along the yellow sands !—  
A note most like the wind-harp, hung in trees  
Where the coy zephyr harbors. Still, it comes,

In more elaborate windings ; with a tone  
More human, and a fitfulness of sound,  
That speaks for various woes ; as if it linked,  
The deep, despairing, still defying cry,  
From man in his last struggle,—with the shriek  
Of passionate woman, not afraid to die,  
Though pleading still for pity,—and the scream  
Of childhood, conscious only of the woes,  
It feels not, but beholds in those who feel  
Unutterable still ! A long-drawn plaint,  
It swells and soars, until the difficult breath,  
Fails me ;—I gasp ;—I may not follow it,  
With auditory sense ! It glows—it spreads,  
'Till the whole living atmosphere is flush  
With the strange harmony ; and now it sinks,  
Sudden, but not extinguished ! A faint tone,  
Survives in quivering murmurs, that awhile  
Tremble like life within the flickering pulse  
Of the consumptive. Losing it, we hush  
Our breathing ; and suspend the struggling sense,  
Whose utterance mars its own ; and still we hear  
Its mellow and lone cadences, that float,  
Prolonged, and finally lost, as the deep sounds,  
Superior, rise, of winds and waving trees !

It is a sweet tradition of these shores,  
Told by the Choctaw, that, when ages gone,  
His savage sire descended from the west,  
A dark and desperate Hunter,—all these woods,  
From the rich valleys, where the Missouri bounds,  
To mix his turbid waters with the streams,  
Of him the Sire of Waters,\*—to the blue hills  
Of Apalachia,—dwelt a numerous race,  
Named 'The Biloxi.' Towns and villages,  
Cities and Cottages, and various arts,  
Declared their vast antiquity. They were proud—  
More proud than all the living tribes of men ;  
Wiser, and versed in many sciences ;  
And from their towers of earth, that sought the skies,  
In emulous mountain-stretches, watched the stars,  
In mighty contemplation ; with a skill,  
Wondrous, by other tribes unmatchable,  
They reared high temples, which they filled with forms  
Of love and beauty. In their thousand homes,  
Joy was a living presence. There they danced  
At evening, while the mellow song went forth,  
Married to fitting strains, from instruments,  
Of curious form, but filled with strangest power,  
That, when the savage hearkened, half subdued  
His bloody thirst ; and made the reptile's fang  
Forget his venomous office. By these arts,  
Were they at last betrayed. They soon forgot  
The vigorous toils of mankind, and grew weak,  
Incapable of arms. Voluptuous joys,  
Morning and Evening, in their courts surprised  
The strength of their young people, till they grew  
Like the rank grass upon the bearded plain,  
Fit for the fire and scythe.

—The Choctaw Chief,  
Looked, from the Evening hills, upon their vales,

\* The Mississippi.

Exulting. When he heard their songs of love,  
That floated upward on the perfumed air,  
And saw below, their loose effeminate forms  
Linked in voluptuous dance, he shouted loud,  
His scornful satisfaction, while he bade  
His warriors nigh, to look upon their homes,  
And mark their easy victims. They, below,  
By happiness made deaf and arrogant,  
Heard not the mighty discord, which above,  
Mock'd their soft harmonies. Their dream went on ;  
The midnight dance and revel ; the sweet song  
Of love and gold-eyed fancy ; and the prayer,  
Unbroken, of true genius, in his cell,  
Toiling with pen or pencil, to prepare  
His triumph for the adoring eyes of day !  
But with day came the conflict. The fierce tribes,  
With hellish shout that shook the affrighted walls,  
Till the high temples quaked, rush'd down the vale,  
Smiting with heavy mace ; or, from above,  
Shooting their poisoned arrows, at each mark,  
Unerring. Surprised, the Biloxi fought,  
Vainly ; but with an ardency of soul,  
Superior to their strength. The savage press'd,  
More resolute when baffled. Day by day,  
Some citadel was won—some lovelier town  
Despoil'd by the barbarian. Thousands fell  
In conflict ; yet the thousands that remained,  
Breathed nothing but defiance. With each loss,  
'Rose a new spirit in their hopeless breasts,  
That warm'd them with fresh courage ; and they swore  
A terrible oath, with link'd hands, each in each,  
And all, to their old Deities, to yield  
Life first and freedom last ! And well they kept  
Their sacramental pledges. They could die,  
But could not conquer. Yielding sullenly,  
Each foot-hold, they departed from the towns,  
They could no more maintain ; and fighting, fled ;  
'Till from the hills of Memphis—from the springs  
Of Loosahatchie, and the golden ridge,  
Where the gay streams of Noxabee arise,—  
Contented captives, that complain not oft  
Against the rocks, that, from the western streams,  
Barr their free passage—gradual still, they fled,  
Still turning, still at bay, and battling oft  
With the pursuer.

—To this spot they came,—  
They pitch'd their tents where Pascagoula flows,  
Through shallows of grey shells, and finds its way  
To the embraces of the purple gulf.  
"Here!" said the prince—his subjects gathered round—  
"Make the last stand ! The land beneath our feet  
Slips rapidly, and farther flight is none,  
Save to the ocean. We must stand and die !"

Sad were their hearts, but fearless. Not a lip  
Spoke for submission. Soul and arm were firm,  
And here, in resolute silence, they threw up  
Their earthen ramparts. On the narrow walls  
Of their rude fortress, in that perilous hour,  
Ranged their few champions. To the hills, their eyes



Turned ever, till the Savage rose in sight;  
Then took they up their weapons. Flight, no more  
Was in their choice; but, in its place there came,  
From hopelessness, resolve; and such resolve,  
As makes man terrible as fate. They stood,  
Silent, with lips compressed. No answering shout,  
Admonish'd the invader of the strength  
They stood under; and down his warriors rush'd,  
As to an easy conquest; but they shrunk,  
And wonder'd whence should come the singular might,  
So sudden, of a race so feeble late!  
Days, weeks and months, and the Biloxi fought,  
Invincible. Their narrow boundary grew  
More strong, commanding, in the invader's eyes,  
Than had been their sole empire. Spring, at length,  
Put on her flowers; green leaves and blossoming fruits,  
Declared for mercy; but the barbarian tribes,  
Strengthened by fiercer thousands from the west,  
Maintain'd the leaguer. Rescue there was none;  
Despair had no more strength, for famine stopp'd  
The hearts of the Biloxi. One bright noon,  
Beheld them met in council: Women and men;—  
The mother newly made, with the young babe,  
Unconscious, striving at her bloodless breasts;—  
For all are equal in the hour of wo,  
And all are heard or none!—

—It needed not  
That they should ask what doom awaited them;—  
They saw it in the tottering gait, the face,  
Pinch'd by lean famine;—the imperfect speech,  
That faltered in the syllable prolonged;—  
The hollow eyes from which a spiritual glare  
Shot out like death's. They saw it in all sights,  
And sounds, that fate, in that protracted term  
Of struggle and endurance, still vouchsafe;—  
And there was silence—a long, dreary pause,  
Broken by feminine sobs. Then spoke the Prince,  
Last of a line of kings!—

—“Shall we submit,  
To bonds and possible torture, or go forth,  
Made free by death?”

Brief silence follow'd then:—  
In that brief silence, memories of years  
And ages crowded thick. Years of delight—  
Ages of national fame! They thought of all  
The grace of their old homes,—the charm, the song,  
Pure rights and soothing offices,—and pride,  
Made household by the trophies richly strown  
Through court and chamber, of creative art,—  
All lost!—and then the probable doom of bonds,—  
Worst form of slavery,—the superior race  
Bowed to the base and barbarous,—and one voice,  
Proclaimed the unanimous will of all—to die!

That eve, while yet within the western Heavens,  
Lingered the rosy sunset—while the waves  
Lay calm before them in the crystal bay,  
And the soft winds were sleeping, and a smile,  
As of unbroken peace and happiness,  
Mantled the glittering forest green, and far,  
Sprinkled the yellow beach with glinting fires  
That shone like precious gems;—the destined race  
Threw wide their fortress gate. Then went they forth  
In sad procession. At their head the Prince,  
Who still had shared their fortunes;—then, the chiefs,  
And soldiers—few but fearless;—the old men,  
Patriarchs, who still remained, memorials  
Of the more fortunate past; and, last of all,  
The women and the children. 'Twas an hour,  
When Nature craved a respite from her toils,  
And from the strife withdrawn the savage foe  
Were distant, to their woodland tents retired.  
These started with strange wonder to behold  
The solemn march, unwitting of its end  
And noble purpose; nor strove to disturb  
The rites which they divined not. On they went,  
That ancient nation. Weapons bore they none,  
But with hands crossed upon their fearless hearts,  
The warriors led the way. The matron clung  
To her son's arm that yielded no support.  
The infant hushed upon its mother's breast,  
Was sleeping, but the mother's sobs were still  
Audible with her song;—and with her song,  
Rose that of thousands, mingling in one strain!  
The art which, in their happier days had been  
Most loved among them, in spontaneous song,  
Unsummon'd, pour'd itself upon the air,  
As, slowly, but with steps unfaltering still,  
March'd the pale band, self-destined, to the deep!  
Never had ocean in his balmy hours,  
Looked less like death—less terrible, less wild!  
An infant's slumber had not been more free  
From all commotion. Beautiful and bright,  
In that declining sunset lay the scene,  
That witnessed the sad sacrifice; and, sweet,  
Like the fair prospect, was the united song,—  
That Epicedium o'er a nation's fate,  
Self-chaunted, which went with them to the waves;  
And still survives them; breathing from their graves,  
The story of their Empire,—of its fame,—  
Its fall, and their devoted faith that knew  
No life unblessed with freedom. Sweetest strain!—  
Once more it rises into sounds, that grow,  
Human, in strength; and now, it floats away,  
Subdued and sinking, as in that sad hour,  
When its last breathings from the warrior's throat,  
Stopp'd suddenly; and through the desolate air,  
Went a more desolate hush that told the rest!

## NEW WORK, BY THE AUTHOR OF VALENTINE VOX.

WITH OCCASIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

## GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

## PART 5.

## CHAPTER VII.

## GEORGE BECOMES CONNECTED WITH A CASE OF BIGAMY.

A few days after the departure of McGregor, George, while testing the practicability of establishing a bank without capital, was visited by Mr. Horatio Tynte. This visit surprised him, especially as Tynte looked extremely pale, and trembled, as he entered, with violence.

'Mr Julian,' said he, and he seemed almost breathless as he spoke, 'I have to make a thousand apologies for calling, but I am at the present time in a position so dreadful that unless you consent to aid me, I am ruined!'

'Indeed!' cried George. 'Explain to me the nature of your position; and if I can render you any assistance, I will.'

'Mr. Julian, if, when I have explained all, you find that you cannot, you will not betray me?'

'I will not: no, upon my honor.'

'Had I not the utmost confidence in you, although a comparative stranger, I should not have thus ventured to call; nor would the confidence I repose in you alone have induced me to do so; but having heard so much of your talent and ingenuity, I looked upon you as being the only man in existence capable of enabling me to avert the destruction with which I am menaced. I am, Mr. Julian, a married man: I have been married for years; but six months ago, being dreadfully poor, I advertised for a wife, with the view of making money, and the result of the advertisement was a secret introduction to a young lady with ten thousand pounds at her command. I had no intention of marrying her!—not the slightest at first; but as I found it impossible to obtain possession of any part of her property *without*, I eventually did so!'

'Your former wife being still alive?—Well, sir?'

'Well, Mr. Julian, after marriage all was confidence on her part, all happiness and devotion. I found her an affectionate, amiable creature, whom I hated myself almost for having deceived: still all went on well—for, of course, she had not the least suspicion,—until yesterday, when to my horror I found that, by some means with which I am as yet unacquainted, she has ascertained all! She knows the very date of my first marriage, the church, the minister,—in fact, every thing connected with it; and now I am threatened with an indictment for bigamy, which to me, known so well as I

am, will amount to transportation for life! Can you aid me? Can you point out any means by which I can escape? If you can, sir, for mercy's sake do!'

'Allow me a few minutes,' said George, calmly, 'to reflect upon the matter.'

And he buried his face in his hands.

'This,' thought George, 'is a heartless villain: a wretch! I could suggest the means by which his escape might be accomplished, but should I be justified in doing so? This is the question I have now to answer to myself. What if he be punished by transportation? He deserves it richly, but what advantage will be derived from that punishment by the poor devoted heart-stricken creature whom he has deceived? None. But can his escape be beneficial to her? This is the point. I consider her only in this matter, I have no consideration for him.'

Having dwelt upon this point for some time, he raised his head and found that Tynte had been watching him with an anxiety the most intense.

'You of course,' said he, 'obtained full possession of the ten thousand pounds?'

'I did,' replied Tynte.

'Has she any other property?'

'Not any.'

'No expectations?'

'None.'

'Then in the event of your being transported—I say in that event, she will be left completely destitute?'

'She has an aunt, but I believe that she is poor.'

'How much of the ten thousand pounds have you spent? Deal fairly and openly with me, and you have a chance; but if any thing be concealed, you have none. How much have you spent?'

'I should say that I have spent and lost nearly six thousand.'

'Six thousand: a thousand a month. Well, you have now therefore, four thousand pounds in your possession?'

'About four.'

'Where is it?'

'Oh, I have it about me in cash. When I ascertained that all had been discovered, I of course thought it better to secure it.'

'Of course! very prudent, especially if you were now to be taken into custody! But, independently of that consideration, and without entering into the slightest explanation, having reference to my view of your conduct, seeing that that would be perfectly useless, I see my

way so clearly in this matter, that I am prepared to come to terms with you at once. In the first place, I'll undertake to get you so entirely out of this difficulty that, even in the eye of the law, you shall be in the same position as you were before the marriage took place.'

'By getting hold of the register?'

'No: there are witnesses, I presume, whose evidence can be had! This is not an old affair, you will remember.'

'But can it be done without its being necessary for me leave England?'

'It can: I repeat to you, that you will be in the same position as you were before; that no law in existence relating to bigamy, can afterwards touch you; that you will be able to set law at defiance; that you will, in short, be a free man.'

'But how is this to be done?'

'That I will explain when our contract is finished! My part of it I have stated; the performance of your part will be far less difficult; it being, in fact, simply this—that in consideration of the service proposed, you agree to secure that four thousand pounds to her whom you have so deeply injured.'

'What, the whole?' exclaimed Tynte, with an expression of amazement.'

'The whole,' replied George.

'And leave myself utterly destitute?'

'Look at the utter destitution of her—but I will not moralize; painful as it is to me, and as it would be to any man blessed with the feelings of a man, I consent to treat this cruel affair as a matter of business merely.'

'But consider, Mr Julian! I shall scarcely have a single pound left.'

'Do consider, sir—see exactly what you have.'

Tynte drew forth his pocket-book and counted the notes. He found there were four thousand and two hundred pounds.

'Well,' said George, 'in order that you may not be without a pound, keep the two hundred, and deliver up the rest.'

'These are very hard terms, Mr Julian!'

'On no other terms will I consent to interfere; and unless I do, recollect nothing can save you.'

'Well, but let us say *two* thousand?'

'No; nothing less than the four, sir, will do. I pledged my honor that I would not betray you; that pledge shall remain unbroken; but I strongly advise you to come to my terms, and that immediately, for now every hour teems with danger.'

'But when the money is given up, how am I to be secure?'

'You said you had confidence in me. I will not, however, test that confidence further. You know Bull to be a responsible man. Let the money be placed in his hands, and I will give him at the same time authority to return it, if my part of the contract be not faithfully performed. Shall I send for him?'

Tynte hesitated.

'Remember,' continued George, 'in this matter there must be no delay. I do not, for obvious reasons, appeal to your sense of justice; I

am anxious for *you* to look at the thing solely with a view to your own safety! Is he to be sent for?'

'Well, I must submit; let him come.'

George then despatched a message to Bull, requesting him to come without delay; and in the mean time he drew up two papers, one authorizing the payment of the money to Tynte's second wife, setting forth her maiden name; and the other directing it to be returned to Tynte, in the event of the conditions therein named not being fulfilled. These papers were duly signed and sealed; and as Bull, in a state of trembling anxiety, soon appeared, Tynte was requested to put down the money.

'Mr Bull,' observed George, 'here are notes to the amount of four thousand pounds. Will you do me the favor to hold them? It will be but for a very few days. Here are also two documents, the seals of which are not to be broken till application be made for the money. You will be kind enough to take possession of them?'

'Certainly, certainly!—oh, certainly!' replied Bull, who looked as if the thing was not exactly clear to him.

'Thank you,' said George; 'you will excuse my troubling you; but I knew that they could not be placed in safer hands than yours.'

Bull looked at the packet, and then at George, and then at Tynte, in a very mysterious manner; but, perceiving that nothing more was required of him then, he slowly moved towards the door. He did feel, he could not help feeling, that a little additional explanation would not be by any means unpleasant; but as it was, why, he left with all his characteristic grace.

'Now,' said George, 'I must get you indicted.'

'What!' exclaimed Tynte, starting up with an expression of rage.

'Be calm, sir; be calm,' said George.

'Calm!'

'If you will not hear me, how can we proceed?'

'Am I after all to be betrayed?'

'No!—Listen. I must get you indicted—indicted for bigamy. Now don't be impatient!—you must be tried, when, as I shall arrange it, you *must* be acquitted, and when you are, you will be, in the eye of the law, in precisely the same position in which you stood before the marriage, seeing that no man can be tried the second time for the same offence.'

Tynte's countenance instantly changed, and he at once resumed his seat.

'But,' said he, after a pause, 'is it possible for this to be done?'

'I undertake to do it. The laws of England, sir, are so conveniently framed, that in almost any case it is possible to escape them.'

'But will it be safe?'

'Nothing can be more so. The ordeal through which you will have to go may not be pleasant; but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that, having passed that ordeal, you will be a free man. Now, for the next few days you must be absent; you must, in fact, keep out of the way until I want you. Let me know where you are, and let me also have the address of

Mrs. Tynte, I mean your second wife, of course. You may rely upon my using all possible despatch, and you shall either see or hear from me daily.

'I shall not be deprived of my liberty long?'

'You shall not be in custody twenty-four hours?'

'Well,' said Tynte, 'this is very unpleasant! However, as it must be, it must. Here is the address of Mrs. Tynte; and I'll let you know this evening where I am to be found. I leave myself entirely in your hands, Mr. Julian: you have the power to destroy me at once; but as I have confidence in you, more, in fact, than I have in any other man alive, I consider myself, notwithstanding, safe.'

'You may,' returned George; 'that which I have undertaken I'll perform.'

Tynte, with many warm expressions of gratitude, then took his leave, and George at once set to work.

His first object was to see the poor lady who had been thus cruelly deceived; and in pursuance of this object, he went immediately home, and then, accompanied by Julia, proceeded to her residence.

On their arrival they found her in the deepest affliction. She was a gentle, interesting creature, very beautiful, and very young; and while George was explaining to her the object of his visit, she and Julia, who was almost equally affected, wept over each other like children.

Having related the substance of all that occurred, and partially explained how he meant to proceed, he begged of her earnestly, for her own sake, not to interfere, when she fell upon her knees and seized his hand, and having blessed him, kissed it passionately and bathed it with her tears.

'I would not injure him for the world!' she exclaimed in tones of agony, which pierced the heart both of Julia and of George. 'He has been cruel, very cruel; but, oh! I would not injure him, although he has so deeply injured me.'

George raised her, and feelingly implored her to be tranquil, and if kindness could have soothed her, she must have been calm; but she continued to weep bitterly, while Julia sobbed as if her heart was bursting, until George, knowing all that he desired to know, offered to leave Julia till the evening, which offer was gratefully accepted, and he left the afflicting scene quite unmanned.

The Surrey sessions were about to be held, and George saw that no time was to be lost. He remembered that Jones had introduced him to an old friend of his, an attorney, and upon him he accordingly called.

As his grand object was to blind the police, the magistrates, the judge, counsel, jury, and all, he considered it unsafe to impart the secret to this gentleman, as he probably would not understand, or if he did, he might not, perhaps, appreciate the motives which induced him to act. He therefore instructed him to prepare an indictment against the prisoner, without stating that he was not yet in custody, and also to draw

up a formidable brief, in support of the prosecution, in which the whole of the facts were to be faithfully set forth, and a copy of the certificate of each marriage given with the names of the attesting witnesses, and so on, in order that the whole thing might seem so clear that, if supported by any evidence at all, no doubt could be entertained of a conviction; and having done this, he went to another attorney, and instructed him to draw up a brief for the defence.

He represented to them both the necessity for despatch, and they promised to be as expeditious as possible, and having thus placed matters in a very fair train, he dined with Bull, to whom he explained just as much as he felt it to be necessary for him to know, and then went to call for Julia.

Sympathy—perhaps the most enchanting of all the attributes of the heart—is, indeed, universal; but its power is felt most when the heart is most pure. It then soothes its sorrows so sweetly, that we really almost love to be sorrowful, conscious of the tendency of sorrow being, to develop those beautiful feelings which surround us, when sunk to the depths of despair, with the heavenly halo of hope. In this case, so powerful had been its influence, that she whom George had left a few hours before in a paroxysm of agony had now become perfectly calm. Hope beamed from her eye with comparative brightness; she looked as if she felt she was not destroyed: in every feature the spirit of resignation was portrayed, and she seemed to have inspired that firm trust in God which imparts a new light to the soul.

As George entered they both flew to meet him, and he found that during his absence they had become like sisters. Mrs. Tynte had begged of Julia to call her Helen, and as there existed a perfect reciprocity of feeling between them, they addressed each other as Julia and Helen as familiarly as if they had been dear friends for years. George, being most anxious not to revert to the painful subject which had drawn them together, if it could by possibility be avoided, spoke gaily of this suddenly-conceived friendship, and ventured to express a hope that it would last, and that Helen and Julia would see each other frequently; about which he need not have troubled himself at all, for all that had been settled before he returned.

Just, however, as George was about to take leave, Helen pressed his hand and said, as her eyes swam with gratitude: 'I know the unbounded generosity of your nature; I know the unconquerable energy of your mind; I know all from my dear, dear Julia, who can explain to you how grateful I feel better than I can, and who has inspired me with the conviction, that if I place myself entirely in your friendly hands, all that it is possible to do will be done. But believe me,' she added, and her tears now began to choke her utterance; 'I cannot express what I feel; but I do feel grateful—most grateful—'

She wished to say more; but her heart was too full to allow her to proceed. George assured her that nothing which he possessed the power to do should be left undone; and when

Julia had taken an affectionate farewell, they left her comparatively happy.

In the morning George was early on the alert, and as Tynte had informed him of the place of his retreat, he went at once to ascertain the names of those who were to appear for the prosecution in the brief as attesting witnesses. One of these, a Mrs. Jenks, a poor woman whom Tynte pointed out as being the most likely person to answer George's purpose, she having been present at the former marriage, was fixed upon, and George went to sound her forthwith. He found her apt and very indignant on becoming acquainted with the object of his visit. Oh! she would do any thing to transport the villain!—Nothing could give her so much satisfaction.—The idea of marrying two wives! Why, she would go to the very farthest extremity of the world to convict him!

Having permitted Mrs. Jenks, who was a very honest woman, to give vent to her indignation for some time with great freedom, he presented her with an earnest of his intentions, and promised to give her five pounds clear of all her expenses, provided she preserved the strictest secrecy, and in all respects followed his instructions. This she solemnly promised to do, and as George made secrecy a *sine qua non*, unexpressing upon her, that if it became known it might defeat the very object he had in view, in which case she would lose the reward, he had not the slightest doubt of that promise being kept.

This was the first day of the sessions, and on leaving Mrs. Jenks—who was directed to hold herself in readiness to go with him in the morning, George proceeded to the attorneys, had the names of the witnesses inserted in the brief for the prosecution, and before night all was prepared.

The next morning, every thing being in perfect readiness, Tynte was directed to be at a certain inn in the borough of Southwark at ten.—He accordingly went; but just as he was about to enter the house, Mrs. Jenks—whom George had brought to the spot in a coach just before—rushed at him—seized him with a masculine grasp, and pinned him with an air of triumph, until she had given him into custody.

Being thus secured, he was taken, when the magistrates arrived, to Union Hall, and as Mrs. Jenks joyfully attended, the magistrates felt justified in remanding him to give time for all the other witnesses to appear, and he was accordingly removed to Horsemonger-lane gaol.

As Tynte was now actually in custody, a fact necessary to assist in finding a bill against him, the indictment was taken before the grand jury, then sitting, and as a matter of course, a true bill was obtained the same day.

This, indeed, may be said to be a matter of course, for the grand jury system—of which an explanation will be given anon—was then and is still a disgrace to this country.

Well, Tynte having slept rather fitfully during the night, for it may with propriety be stated that neither his room nor his bed met his views, was early next morning, without any ceremony, and without being allowed even time to attend

to his toilet, hurried into court with a crowd of other prisoners, and thrust into the dock to plead to the indictment. Here the clerk of the crown informed him that as he had so recently been taken into custody, he might, if he chose, traverse till the next sessions, which was kind on the part of the clerk of the crown; but Tynte declared that, being of course conscious of his innocence, he was ready to take his trial at once, which had a very good effect.

On the case being called, Tynte made an application through his counsel—who, as well as the counsel for the prosecution, had had his brief left at his chambers the previous evening with the fee—to the effect that all the witnesses in the case should be ordered out of court. Out of court they were accordingly ordered, which had a tendency to satisfy the counsel for the prosecution that all his witnesses were there, more especially as when the crier called out with his usual distinctness, 'The witnesses—prosecution—King against Tynte!' Mrs. Jenks very correctly cried 'Here!' to signify, of course that they were in attendance.

The council for the prosecution then began, and he opened the case bravely. He undertook to show that the prisoner was one of the most heartless individuals that ever were suffered to crawl upon the earth, and boldly pledged his personal honor, in conjunction with his professional reputation—and he was a man of high standing at the bar—that he had witnesses to prove the unparalleled truth of what he stated, witnesses to prove every thing by evidence the most unquestionable, witnesses of high character and undoubted respectability, witnesses whose testimony could not be impugned.

While the eloquent gentleman was going on thus with great warmth and dexterity, George, having given a letter to a person to deliver to the prisoner, when the counsel for the prosecution had concluded—left the court, and taking Mrs. Jenks, who was anxiously waiting outside, and panting to give her evidence, under his arm; walked with due deliberation out of the neighborhood, clearly explaining to her that as it was highly improbable that he should require her evidence that day, he would see her safely home; when, being quite satisfied of her laudable intention of doing all in her power to send the prisoner out of the country, he would willingly pay her the five pounds at once. Mrs. Jenks, who felt flattered by this declaration of confidence, not having even the most remote suspicion of the object in view, accompanied him with infinite gladness of heart, and congratulated herself warmly upon having the five pounds secure. On their way, however, it struck George as being just possible, that as the residence of Mrs. Jenks happened to be known, she might be sent for; and as he thought it as well to guard even against possibility, he suggested that, instead of going directly home, it would perhaps be more safe to drop in at some tavern and have a quiet dinner, in order that he might afterwards run back to the court, to see how matters were progressing. As this suggestion was held to be admirable by Mrs. Jenks—who



declared that she would not have the wretch escape for worlds—it was adopted. They entered a tavern and ordered dinner; and while it was being prepared, George gave Mrs. Jenks the five pounds he had promised, and heard a repetition of the whole of the evidence with which she intended to favor the court. By the time this was finished, dinner was produced, and they both ate with great satisfaction. George, however, being anxious to ascertain how matters stood, although he knew that nothing more on his part was required, paid the bill almost immediately on the cloth being removed, and having given Mrs. Jenks full instructions to proceed directly home, in the event of his not returning within an hour, departed.

While this branch of the business was being managed, the court presented an unexampled scene of confusion; for when the eloquent counsel for the prosecution had concluded his withering speech, wherein he established the immaculate character of his witnesses firmly in the minds of all present, not one could be found. Their names were called again and again by the crier; but no—that acute individual declared that he had seen them all in a heap just before, and could not withhold the important intimation that he looked upon their absence at that extremely critical juncture as being odd. Time was allowed by the court to hunt some of them up, but in vain; every public-house in the vicinity was searched, but not one in 'The King versus Tynte,' could be brought up, dead or alive.

At this period Tynte, according to the instructions of George, the whole of which he bore in mind, pressed his counsel to admit the first marriage; and that learned person did then publicly declare that the prisoner had suggested the expediency of said first marriage being admitted, in order to facilitate the business, and to show that none were more desirous that no advantage should be taken of the temporary absence of a witness than said prisoner himself.

The court deemed this very straight-forward and very correct, and so indeed did the counsel for the prosecution; it had certainly relieved him of the onus of proving the first marriage, but where were all the witnesses whose testimony touched upon the second?

While the counsel for the prosecution was pausing for a reply to this natural question, a letter was delivered to Tynte, the silent, but most expressive reading of which created considerable curiosity in court. Having read it, Tynte handed it to his counsel, who appeared to be delighted with it, and smiled most triumphantly, and then began to taunt the learned counsel for the prosecution, and to inquire very affectionately after those respectable witnesses whose characters were not to be impugned!—which was very amusing to all, save the learned individual addressed, who felt nettled, especially as he had laid himself open to these sarcastic taunts, by the red-hot delivery of his flaming speech, wherein he dwelt with peculiar emphasis upon his witnesses, precisely as if the common

run of witnesses, compared with them, were fools. Hence, the more he reflected upon his position, the warmer he became; for he couldn't at all understand it! Who was the attorney? There was certainly some strange name endorsed on the brief, but the hand was so queer, that no soul could make it out!

'People will write such sticks,' he said, 'really it's amazing.' And he twisted and turned it upside down, with the view of getting at it in that way, and then tried to spell it, until at length he got into such a rage with it, that he felt himself bound to apply to the court to stop the trial for an hour, ostensibly in order that he might find those witnesses who were still so mysteriously invisible.

As no opposition was offered to this, the business of the court was suspended for an hour, during which time the counsel for the prosecution and a host of learned friends put their heads together strictly with the view of making out the crooked hieroglyphics which appeared upon the back of the brief.

The question was what earthly name did it look like? It was no name at all in reality; but what by a stretch of the imagination might it be conceived to be? Was it Jenkinson?—or Smith? There was one turn to begin with, which looked as if it had been designed to form part of a P; and the moment that discovery was made, the learned counsel for the prosecution turned to the P's in the Law List. Parker?—did it look like Parker? No; it looked more like Pimlico and Son. Philips?—was it anything like Philips? No; the majority then decided against its being a Pat all. Well! if not a P what was it? None of them could tell: nor was it ever intended that any of them should. Some gave it up, declaring with boldness that it was the gordian knot in a fit; others more obstinate—while even admitting it to be a very strange amalgamation of strokes, felt bound to make it out, and were consequently lost in their own extraordinary conjectures, until the hour for which the trial had been stopped had expired.

Tynte, being naturally anxious to bring the affair to an end, now advised his counsel to show the letter he had received to the counsel for the prosecution. He did so, and when that gentleman had read it, he, swelling with indignation, said, 'My lord! I consent to the acquittal of the prisoner. I perceive that I have been made a dupe in this affair: the parties clearly never meant to go on with the trial.'

A verdict of acquittal was accordingly returned by direction of the Chairman, and Tynte was free.

Previously, however, to his leaving the dock, he instructed his counsel to apply for a copy of the record. This was done ostensibly in order that he might have an opportunity of indicting the prosecutor, and witnesses for a conspiracy in getting up so flagrant a charge, but in reality merely for effect. On this application being made, the Chairman, addressing Tynte's counsel, said,—

'Your client may think himself very well off

in being acquitted without requiring a copy of the record.

Upon which, Tynte, personally addressed the Chairman, pointed out to him the manifest impropriety and uncharitableness of such an observation, and referred him to the letter he had received, which was instantly submitted to his perusal.

This letter appeared to have been written by a friend of the assumed second wife, ridiculing the position in which he had been placed, and pointing to it as a proof of the firm determination as well as the power of the writer to annoy him.

Having read this letter, with a feeling of contempt, the Chairman apologized for the observation in which he had indulged, and publicly stated that Tynte left the court without a stain upon his character. He also begged of the reporters present not to do farther injury by giving publicity to his case; and, having thus done all that he could do for him, he bowed as Tynte quitted the court.

The return of George was well timed. He met Tynte coming out, and could not avoid taking him by the hand, although he hated his character; a fact which he had never attempted to conceal.

'You have performed your part nobly,' said Tynte; 'nothing could have been better arranged, I followed your instructions in every particular; although I did not at first appreciate their value, every point was of so much importance as the trial proceeded, that I have now left the court without a stain upon my character.'

'Well, well,' said George. 'We'll not dwell upon that. I am glad for more reasons than one that you are free; and now that you are, you had better have some slight refreshment, and then we'll call upon Bull to make the business complete.'

'I shall not give the whole of that money up!' cried Tynte.

'You have given it up!' returned George.

'No, I've not! and I tell you candidly that it's of no use to mince the matter, you know—I'll never authorize its payment to her!'

'But you have done so!'

'Oh! I know what I'm about well enough, you mustn't flatter yourself that you have a fool to deal with!'

'Indeed! Why, Tynte, you are even a greater villain than I imagined you to be!'

'I don't care what you or any other man may imagine! That doesn't at all distress me. I tell you plainly that money must be returned! If it be not, and that at once, I know my course.'

'You are a very clever person, Mr. Tynte,' said George, calmly, 'but your talent, Mr. Tynte, ought to have enabled you to perceive that I am not a man to be trifled with. Threats from a man like you, Mr. Tynte, I hold in the most perfect contempt. Do you imagine for a moment that I would have taken one step in this affair without having first secured you firmly Mr. Tynte? Could you suppose me ignorant of the real character of him with whom I was dealing,

or that I should fail to deal with him accordingly? Surely not—but if you did suppose anything so absurd, you were never more deceived in your life.'

'Oh, I know my course. You'll not get over me.'

'Perhaps not; but I'm satisfied of this, that I have bound you, sir, fast!'

A pause ensued, but they still walked on. As they proceeded, George, knowing the character of Bull thought it better to get the money out of his hands as soon as possible, while Tynte was conceiving a plan by which he might regain possession by force. They were both therefore silent, and continued to be silent until they entered Bull's office.

Fortunately Bull was within, and having requested them with all his accustomed courtesy to be seated, he became all attention.

'The packet,' said George, 'which you have in your possession: will you do me the favor to open it and read the contents?'

Bull drew it from the safe and broke the seal, and having looked at the papers enclosed, he inquired if the condition therein stated had been fulfilled.

'It has,' replied George.

'Then it appears,' continued Bull, 'I am to hand this four thousand pounds to Helen Grantley. Is it not so?'

'No!' shouted Tynte, who made a dash at the notes; but George, who had anticipated something of the kind, and who had therefore kept his eyes fixed upon him, on the instant sprang at his throat, and brought him heavily to the ground.

'Villain!' cried George, 'I suspected your object.'

'I will have my money!' cried Tynte. 'I insist upon having my money!'

Bull stood as if petrified. He could not at all conceive the meaning of it; but George directed him to return the notes to the safe, and when that had been accomplished, he suffered Tynte to rise.

'You have read your authority,' said George, addressing Bull.

'It is no authority at all,' cried Tynte.

'Mr Bull,' said George, 'it is an authority, upon which you are bound to act.'

'I shall be justified in doing so? Of course I shall be justified?'

'Perfectly! I will indemnify you.'

'If you say it's correct, I shall deliver it to Helen Gantley.'

'Do so at your peril!' exclaimed Tynte.

'Sir!' said Bull, with a firmness at which George was surprised, 'quit my office! There's the door, sir! If you don't quit instantly, sir, I'll give you into custody for creating a disturbance.'

Tynte now began to rave like a maniac; but finding that Bull was still determined, and nothing could shake the cool firmness of George, he left the office uttering the vilest threats, and in less than an hour from that time, the four thousand pounds were delivered to Helen.

## MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

## "THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

## PART 5.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## GOING TO COURT, AND COURTING.

When M'Shane awoke the next morning he tried to recall what had passed between him and Dimitri, and did not feel quite convinced that he had not trusted him too much. 'I think,' said he, 'it was all upon an *if*. Yes, sure; *if* O'Donahue was in love, and *if* she was. Yes, I'm sure that it was all upon *ifs*. However, I must go and tell O'Donahue what has taken place.'

M'Shane did so; and O'Donahue, after a little thought, replied, 'Well, I don't know; perhaps it's all for the best; for you see I must have trusted somebody, and the difficulty would have been to know whom to trust, for everybody belongs to the police here, I believe; I think, myself, the fellow is honest; at all events, I can make it worth his while to be so.'

'He would not have told me he belonged to the police if he wished to trap us,' replied M'Shane.

'That's very true, and on the whole I think we could not do better. But we are going on too fast; who knows whether she meant anything by what she said to me when we parted; or, if she did then, whether she may not have altered her mind since?'

'Such things have been—that's a fact, O'Donahue.'

'And will be, as long as the world lasts. However, to-morrow I am to be presented—perhaps I may see her. I'm glad that I know that I may chance to meet her, as I shall now be on my guard.'

'And what shall I say to Dimitri?'

'Say that you mentioned her name, and where she was, and that I had only replied,—that I should like to see her again.'

'Exactly, that will leave it an open question, as the saying is,' replied M'Shane.

The next day O'Donahue, in his uniform, drove to the Ambassador's hotel, to accompany him to the Amniskhoff Palace, where he was to be presented to the Emperor. O'Donahue was most graciously received,—the Emperor walking up to him, as he stood in the circle, and inquiring after the health of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, what service he had been employed upon, &c. He then told O'Donahue that the Empress would be most glad to make his acquaintance, and hoped that he would make a long stay at St. Petersburg.

It was with a quickened pulse that O'Donahue followed the Ambassador into the Empress's apartments. He had not waited there more than five minutes in conversation with the Ambassador, when the doors opened, and the Empress, attended by her chamberlain, and followed by her ladies in waiting and maids of honor, entered the room. O'Donahue had made up his mind not to take his eyes off the Empress until the presentation was over. As soon as he had kissed hands, and answered the few questions which were graciously put to him, he retired to make room for others, and then, for the first time, did he venture to cast his eyes upon the group of ladies behind. The first that met his view were unknown, but, behind all the rest, he at length perceived the Princess Czartorinski, talking and laughing with another lady. After a short time she turned round, and their eyes met. The Princess recognized him with a start, and then turned away and put her hand up to her breast, as if the shock had taken away her breath. Once more she turned her face to O'Donahue, and this time he was fully satisfied by her looks that he was welcome. Ten minutes after, the Ambassador summoned O'Donahue, and they quitted the palace.

'I have seen her, M'Shane,' said O'Donahue; 'she is more beautiful, and I am more in love than ever. And now what am I to do?'

'That's just the difficulty,' replied M'Shane. 'Shall I talk with Dimitri, or shall I hold my tongue, or shall I think about it, while you go to dinner at the Ambassador's?'

'I cannot dine out to-day, M'Shane. I will write an excuse.'

'Well, now, I do believe you are in for it in good earnest. My love never spoiled my appetite; on the contrary, it was my appetite that made me fall in love.'

'I wish she had not been a Princess,' said O'Donahue, throwing himself on the sofa.

'That's nothing at all here,' replied M'Shane.

'A Princess is to be had. Now, if she had been a General it would have been all up with you. Military rank is everything here, as Dimitri says.'

'She's an angel,' replied O'Donahue, with a sigh.

'That's rank in Heaven, but goes for nothing in Petersburg,' replied M'Shane. 'Dimitri tells me they've civil generals here, which I conceive are improvements on our staff, for

devil a civil general I have had the pleasure of serving under.'

'What shall I do?' said O'Donahue, getting up, and preparing to write his note to the Ambassador.

'Eat your dinner, drink a bottle of Champagne, and then I'll come and talk it over with you; that's all you can do at present. Give me the note and I'll send Dimitri off with it at once, and order up your dinner.'

M'Shane's advice not being very bad, it was followed. O'Donahue had finished his dinner, and was sitting by the fire with M'Shane, when there was a knock at the door. M'Shane was summoned, and soon returned, saying, 'there's a little fellow that wants to speak with you, and won't give his message. He's a queer little body, and not so bad-looking either, with a bolster on the top of his head, and himself not higher than a pillow; a pigeon could sit upon his shoulder, and peck up peas out of his shoes; he struts like a grenadier, and, by the powers! a grenadier's cap would serve as an extinguisher for him. Shall I show him in?'

'Certainly,' replied O'Donahue.

The reader may not be aware that there is no part of the globe where there are so many dwarfs as at St. Petersburg; there is scarcely a hotel belonging to a noble family without one or two, if not more; they are very kindly treated, and are, both in appearance and temper, very superior to the dwarfs occasionally met with elsewhere. One of the diminutive race now entered the room, dressed in a Turkish costume; he was remarkably well made and handsome in person; he spoke sufficient French to inquire if he addressed himself to Captain O'Donahue; and on being replied to in the affirmative, he gave him a small billet, and then seated himself on the sofa with all the freedom of a petted menial. O'Donahue tore open the note; it was very short:

'As I know you cannot communicate with me, I write to say that I was delighted at your having kept your promise. You shall hear from me again as soon as I know where I can meet you; in the meantime be cautious. The bearer is to be trusted; he belongs to me.'

C."

O'Donahue passed the paper to his lips, and then sat down to reply. We shall not trouble the reader with what he said; it is quite sufficient that the lady was content with the communication and also at the report from his little messenger of the Captain's behavior when he had read her billet.

Two or three days afterwards, O'Donahue received a note from a German widow lady, a Countess Erhausen, particularly requesting he would call upon her in the afternoon, at three o'clock. As O'Donahue had not as yet had the pleasure of being introduced to the Countess, although he had often heard her spoken of in the first society, he did not fail in his appointment, as he considered that it was possible that the Princess Czartorinski might be connected with it; nor was he deceived; for, as he entered the saloon, he found the Princess sitting on the sofa with Madame Erhausen, a

young and pretty woman, not more than twenty-five years of age. The Princess rose, greeted Captain O'Donahue, and then introduced the Countess as her first cousin. A few minutes after his introduction, the Countess retired, leaving them alone. O'Donahue did not lose this opportunity of pouring out the real feelings of his heart.

'You have come a long way to see me, Captain O'Donahue, and I ought to be grateful,' replied the Princess; 'indeed, I have much pleasure in renewing our acquaintance.'

O'Donahue, however, did not appear satisfied with this mere admission: he became eloquent in his own cause, pointed out the cruelty of having brought him over to see her again if he was not to be rewarded, and, after about an hour's pleading, he was sitting on the sofa by her side, with her fair hand in his, and his arm round her slender waist. They parted: but through the instrumentality of the little dwarf they often met again at the same rendezvous. Occasionally they met in society, but before others they were obliged to appear constrained and formal; there was little pleasure in such meetings, and when O'Donahue could not see the Princess, his chief pleasure was to call upon Madame Erhausen and talk about her.

'You are aware, Captain O'Donahue,' said the Countess, one day, 'that there will be a great difficulty to overcome in this affair. The Princess is a sort of ward of the Emperor's, and it is said that he has already, in his own mind, disposed of her hand.'

'I am aware of that,' replied O'Donahue; 'and I know no other means than running away with her.'

'That would never do,' replied the Countess; 'you could not leave Petersburg without passports; nor could she leave the palace for more than an hour or two without being missed. You would soon be discovered, and then you would lose her forever.'

'Then what can I do, my dear Madame? shall I throw myself upon the indulgence of the Emperor?'

'No, that would not answer either; she is too rich a prize to be permitted to go into foreign hands. I'll tell you what you must first do.'

'I'm all attention.'

'You must make love to me,' replied the Countess. 'Nay, understand me; I mean that you must appear to make love to me, and the report of our marriage must be spread. The Emperor will not interfere in such a case; you must do so to avoid suspicion. You have been here very often, and your equipage has been constantly seen at the door. If it is supposed you do not come on my account, it will be inquired why you do come; and there is no keeping a secret at Petersburg. After it is supposed that it is a settled affair between us, we then may consider what next ought to be done. My regard for my cousin alone induces me to consent to this; indeed, it is the only way she could avoid future misery.'

'But is the Emperor so despotic on these points?'



'An emperor is not to be trifled with; a ward of the Emperor is considered sacred—at least, so far, that if a Russian were to wed one without permission, he probably would be sent to Siberia. With an Englishman it is different, perhaps;—and, once married, you would be safe, as you would claim the protection of your Ambassador. The great point is, to let it be supposed that you are about to marry some one else, and then, suspicion not being awakened, you may gain your wish.'

'But tell me, Madame—that I may be safe from the Emperor's displeasure is true—but would the Princess, after he discovered it?—Could he not take her away from me, and send her to Siberia for disobedience?'

'I hope, by the means I propose, to get you both clear of the Emperor—at least, till his displeasure is softened down. Me he cannot hurt; he can only order me out of his dominions. As for the Princess, I should think, that if once married to you, she would be safe, for you could claim the protection of the Ambassador for her, as your wife, as well as yourself. Do you comprehend me now?'

'I do, Madame; and may blessings follow you for your kindness. I shall in future act but by your directions.'

'That is exactly what I wished you to say; and so now, Captain O Donahue, farewell.'

## CHAPTER XV.

### A RUN-AWAY, AND A HARD PURSUIT.

'Well, now,' said M'Shane, after he had been informed by O Donahue of what had passed between him and the Countess, 'this is all very pretty, and looks very well; but tell me, are we to trust that fellow Dimitri? Can we do without him? I should say not when we come to the finale; and is it not dangerous to keep him out of our confidence, being such a sharp, keen-witted fellow? Nay more, as he has stated his wish to serve you in any way, it is only treating him fairly. He knows the little dwarf who has been here so often; indeed, they were fellow-servants in the Czartorinski family, for he told me so. I would trust him.'

'I think so too, but we must not tell him all.'

'No, that we certainly need not, for he will find it out without telling.'

'Well, M'Shane, do as you please; but on second thoughts, I will speak to the Countess to-morrow.'

O Donahue did so, the Countess called on the Princess at the palace, and the next morning O Donahue received a note, stating that Dimitri was to be trusted. O Donahue then sent for the courier, and told him that he was about to put confidence in him on a promise of his fidelity.

'I understand you, Sir, and all you intend to do; there is no occasion to say anything more to me, until you want my assistance: I will not, in the meantime, neglect your interest, for I hope

to remain with you, and that is the only reward I ask for any services I may perform. I have only one remark to make now, which is, that it will be necessary, a few days before you leave Petersburg, to let me know, that I may advertise it.'

'Advertise it?'

'Yes, Sir, advertise your departure, that you may not run away in debt. Such is the custom; and without three notices being put in the Gazette, the police will not give you your passport.'

'I am glad that you mentioned it. Of course you are aware that I am paying attention to the Countess Erhausen, and shall leave Petersburg with her, I trust, as my wife.'

'I understand, Sir, and shall take care that your intimacy there shall be known to everybody.'

So saying, Dimitri left the room.

The winter now set in with unusual severity. The river was one mass of ice, the floating bridges had been removed, the Montagnes Russes became the amusement of the day, and the sledges were galloping about in every direction. For more than a month, O Donahue continued his pretended addresses to the fair cousin of the Princess, and during that time he did not once see the real object of his attachment; indeed, the dwarf never made his appearance, and all communication, except an occasional note from her to the Countess, was, from prudence, given up. The widow was rich, and had often been pressed to renew her bonds, but had preferred her liberty. O Donahue, therefore, was looked upon as a fortunate man, and congratulated upon his success. Nor did the widow deny the projected union, except in a manner as to induce people to believe in the certainty of its being arranged. O Donahue's equipage was always at her door, and it was expected that the marriage would immediately take place, when O Donahue attended a levee given by the Emperor on the Feast of St. Nicholas. The Emperor, who had been very civil to O Donahue, as he walked past him, said,

'Well, Captain O Donahue, so I understand that you intend to run away with one of our fairest and prettiest ladies—one of the greatest ornaments of my Court.'

'I trust that I have your Majesty's permission so to do,' replied O Donahue, bowing low.

'O, certainly, you have; and, moreover, our best wishes for your happiness.'

'I humbly thank your Majesty,' replied O Donahue; 'still I trust your Majesty does not think that I wish to transplant her to my own country altogether; and that I shall be permitted to reside, for the most part, in your Majesty's dominions.'

'Nothing will give me greater pleasure, and it will be a satisfaction to feel that I shall gain, instead of losing, by the intended marriage.'

'By the powers! but I will remind him of this some day or another,' thought O Donahue.—'Hav'n't I his permission to the marriage, and to remain in the country?'

Every thing was now ripe for the execution



of the plot. The Countess gave out that she was going to her country seat, about ten miles from St Petersburg; and it was naturally supposed that she was desirous that the marriage should be private, and that she intended to retire there to have the ceremony performed—and O'Donahue advertised his departure in the *Gazette*.

The Princess Czartorinski produced a letter from the Countess, requesting her, as a favor, to obtain leave from the Empress to pass two or three days with her in the country, and the Empress, as the Countess was first cousin to the Princess, did not withhold her consent; on the contrary, when the Princess left the palace, she put a case of jewels in her hand, saying, 'these are for the bride, with the good wishes and protection of the Empress, as long as she remains in the country.' One hour afterwards, O'Donahue was rewarded for all his long forbearance by clasp ing his fair one in his arms. A priest had been provided, and was sent forward to the country chateau, and at ten in the morning all the parties were ready.

The Princess and her cousin set off in the carriage, followed by O'Donahue, with M'Shane and his suite. Everything was *en règle*; the passports had been made out for Germany, to which country it was reported the Countess would proceed a few days after the marriage, and the Princess was to return to the palace.—As soon as they arrived at the chateau the ceremony was performed, and O'Donahue obtained his prize; and to guard against any mishap, it was decided that they should leave the next morning, on their way to the frontier. Dimitri had been of the greatest use, had prepared against every difficulty, and had fully proved his fidelity. The parting between the Countess and her cousin was tender. 'How much do I owe, dear friend!' said the Princess. 'What risk do you incur for me? How will you brave the anger of the Emperor?'

'I care but little for his anger; I am a woman, and not a subject of his; but before you go, you must both write a letter—your husband to the Emperor, reminding him of his having given his consent to the marriage, and his wish that he should remain in his dominions, and let him add his sincere wish, if permitted, to be employed in his Majesty's service. You, my dear cousin, must write to the Empress, reminding her of her promise of protection, and soliciting her good offices with the Emperor. I shall play my own game; but depend upon it, it will all end in a laugh.'

O'Donahue and his wife both wrote their letters, and O'Donahue also wrote one to the English Ambassador, informing him of what had taken place, and requesting his kind offices. As soon as they were finished, the Countess bade them farewell, saying: 'I shall not send these letters until you are well out of reach, depend upon it;' and with many thanks for her kindness, O'Donahue and his bride bade her adieu, and set off on their long journey.

The carriage procured for their journey was what is called a German *batarda*, which is very

similar to an English chariot with coach box, fixed upon a sleigh. Inside were O'Donahue and his young bride, M'Shane preferring to ride outside on the box with Joey, that he might not be in the way, as a third person invariably is with a newly married couple. The snow was many feet deep on the ground; but the air was dry, and the sun shone bright. The bride was handed in, enveloped in a rich mantle of sable; O'Donahue followed, equally protected against the cold; while M'Shane and Joey fixed themselves on the box, so covered up in robes of wolf skins, and wrappers of bear skins for their feet, that you could see but the tips of their noses.—On the front of the sleigh, below the box of the carriage, were seated the driver and the courier; four fiery young horses were pawing with impatience; the signal was given, and off they went at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

'Where's the guns, Joey, and the pistols, and the ammunition?' inquired M'Shane; 'we're going through a wild sort of country, I expect.'

'I have put them in myself, and I can lay my hands on them immediately, Sir,' replied Joey; 'the guns are behind us, and your pistols and the ammunition are at my feet; the Captain's are in the carriage.'

'That's all right, then; I like to know where to lay my hands upon my tools. Just have the goodness to look at my nose now and then, Joey, and if you see a white spot on the tip of it, you'll be pleased to tell me, and I'll do the same for you. Mrs. McShane would be anything but pleased if I came home with only half a handle to my face.'

The journey was continued at the same rapid pace until the close of the day, when they arrived at the post-house; there they stopped, M'Shane and Joey, with the assistance of the courier, preparing their supper from the stores which they brought with them. After supper they retired, O'Donahue and his wife sleeping in the carriage, which was arranged so as to form a bed if required; while M'Shane and Joey made it out how they could upon the cloaks, and what little straw they could procure, on the floor of the post-house, where, as M'Shane said the next morning, they 'had more bedfellows than were agreeable, although he contrived to get a few hours' sleep in spite of the jumping vagabonds.' When they rose the next morning, they found that the snow had just begun to fall fast. As soon as they had breakfasted they set out, nevertheless, and proceeded at the same pace. McShane telling Joey, who was, as well as himself, almost embedded in it before the day was half over, that it was 'better than rain, at all events;' to be sure that was cold comfort, but any comfort is better than none. O'Donahue's request for M'Shane to come inside was disregarded; he was as tough as little Joey, at all events, and it would be a pity to interrupt the conversation. They had changed their horses at a small village, about four o'clock, and were about three miles on their last stage, for that day's journey, when they passed through a pine forest.

'There's a nice place for an ambuscade, Joey,

if there were any robbers about here,' observed M'Shane. 'Murder and Irish! what's those chaps running among the trees so fast, and keeping pace with us?' I say, courier,' continued M'Shane, pointing to them, 'what are those?'

The courier looked in the direction pointed out, and as soon as he had done so, spoke to the driver, who, casting his eyes hastily in the direction, applied the lash to his horses, and set off with double speed.

'Wolves, Sir,' replied the courier, who then pulled out his pistols and commenced loading them.

'Wolves!' said M'Shane, and hungry enough, 'I'll warrant; but they don't hope to make a meal on us, do they? At all events we'll give them a little fight for it. Come, Joey, I see the courier don't like it, so we must shake off the snow and get our ammunition ready.'

This was soon done; the guns were unstrapped from the back of the coach box, the pistols got from beneath their feet, and all were soon ready, loaded and primed.

'It's lucky there's such a mist on the windows of the carriage, that the lady can't see what we are after, or she'd be frightened, perhaps,' said Joey.

The rapid pace at which the driver had put his horses had for a time put the wolves in the rear; but now they were seen following the carriage at about a quarter of a mile distant, having quitted the forest and taken to the road.

'Here they come, the devils! one, two, three, —there are seven of them. I suppose this is what they call a convoy in these parts. Were you ever wolf-hunting before, Joey?'

'I don't call this wolf hunting,' replied Joey; 'I think the wolves are hunting us.'

'It's all the same, my little poacher—it's a hunt, at all events. They are gaining on us fast; we shall soon come to an explanation.'

The courier now climbed up to the coach-box to reconnoitre, and he shook his head, telling them in very plain English that he did not like it; that he had heard that the wolves were out, in consequence of the extreme severity of the weather, and he feared that these seven were only the advance of a whole pack; that they had many versts to go, for the stage was a long one, and it would be dark before they got to the end of it.

'Have you ever been chased by them before?' said Joey.

'Yes,' replied the courier, 'more than once; it's the horses that they are so anxious to get hold of. Three of our horses are very good, but the fourth is not very well, the driver says, and he is fearful that he will not hold out; however, we must keep them off as long as we can; we must not shoot at them till the last moment.'

'Why not?' inquired M'Shane.

'Because the whole pack would scent the blood at miles, and redouble their efforts to come up with us. There is an empty bottle by you, sir; throw it on the road behind the carriage; that will stop them for a time.'

'An empty bottle stop them! well, that's queer: it may stop a man drinking, because he can get

no more out of it. However, as you please, gentlemen; here's to drink my health, bad manners to you,' said M'Shane, throwing the bottle over the carriage.

The courier was right; at the sight of the bottle in the road the wolves, who are of a most suspicious nature, and think that there is a trap laid for them in everything, stopped short and gathered round it cautiously; the carriage proceeded, and in a few minutes the animals were out of sight.

'Well, that bothers me entirely,' said M'Shane; 'an empty bottle is as good to them as a charged gun.'

'But look, sir, they are coming on again,' replied Joey; 'and faster than ever. I suppose they were satisfied that there was nothing in it.'

The courier mounted again to the box where Joey and M'Shane were standing.

'I think you had a ball of twine,' said he to Joey, 'when you were tying down the baskets, where is it?'

'It is here under the cushion,' replied Joey, searching for and producing it.

'What shall we find to tie to it?' said the courier; 'something not too heavy—a bottle won't do.'

'What's it for?' inquired M'Shane.

'To trail, Sir,' replied the courier.

'To trail! I think they're fast enough upon our trail already; but if you want to help them, a red herring's the thing.'

'No, Sir; a piece of red cloth would do better,' replied the courier.

'Red cloth! One would think you were fishing for mackerel,' said M'Shane.

'Will this piece of black cloth do, which was round the lock of the gun?' said Joey.

'Yes, I think it will,' replied the courier.

The courier made fast the cloth to the end of the twine, and, throwing it clear of the carriage, let the ball run out, until he had little more than the bare end in his hand, and the cloth was about forty yards behind the carriage, dragging over the snow.

'They will not pass the cloth, Sir,' said the courier; 'they think that it's a trap.'

Sure enough, the wolves, which had been gaining fast on the carriage, now retreated again; and although they continued the pursuit, it was at a great distance.

'We have an hour and a half more to go before we arrive, and it will be dark, I'm afraid,' said the courier; 'all depends upon the horse holding out; I'm sure the pack is not very far behind.'

'And how many are there in a pack?' inquired M'Shane.

The courier shrugged up his shoulders. 'Perhaps two or three hundred.'

'Oh! the devil! don't I wish I was at home with Mrs. M'Shane?'

For half an hour they continued their rapid pace, when the horse referred to showed symptoms of weakness: still the wolves had not advanced beyond the piece of black cloth which trailed behind the carriage.

'I think that, considering they are so hungry,

they are amazing shy of the bait,' said M'Shane. 'By all the powers, they've stopped again!'

'The string has broke, Sir, and they are examining the cloth,' cried Joey.

'Is there much line left?' inquired the courier, with some alarm.

'No, it has broken off by rubbing against the edge of the carriage behind.'

The courier spoke to the driver, who now rose from his seat and lashed his horses furiously; but although three of the horses were still fresh, the fourth could not keep up with them, and there was every prospect of his being dragged down on his knees, as more than once he stumbled and nearly fell. In the meantime, the wolves had left the piece of cloth behind them, and were coming up fast with the carriage.

'We must fire on them now, sir,' said the courier, going back to his seat, 'or they will tear the flanks of the horses.'

M'Shane and Joey seized their guns, the headmost wolf was now nearly a-head of the carriage; Joey fired, and the animal rolled over in the snow.

'That's a good shot, Joey; load again; here's another.'

M'Shane fired and missed the animal, which rushed forward; the courier's pistol, however, brought it down, just as he was springing on the hindmost horses.

O'Donahue, astonished at the firing, now lowered down the glass, and inquired the reason. M'Shane replied that the wolves were on them, and that he had better load his pistols, in case they were required.

The wolves hung back a little on the second one falling, but still continued the chase, although at a more respectable distance. The road was now on a descent, but the sick horse could hardly hold on his legs.

'A little half hour more and we shall be in town,' said the courier, climbing up the coach-seat, and looking up the road they had passed; but St Nicholas preserve us!' he exclaimed; and he turned round and spoke in hurried accents to the driver in the Russian language.

Again the driver lashed furiously, but in vain; the poor horse was dead beat.

'What is the matter now?' inquired M'Shane.

'Do you see that black mass coming down the hill? it's the main pack of wolves; I fear we are lost; the horse cannot go on.'

'Then why not cut his traces, and go on with the three others?' cried Joey.

'The boy is right,' replied the man, and there is no time to lose.

The courier went down on the sleigh, spoke to the driver in Russian, and the horses were pulled up. The courier jumped out with his knife, and commenced cutting the traces of the tired horse, while the other three, who knew that the wolves were upon them, plunged furiously in their harness, that they might proceed. It was a trying moment. The five wolves now came up; the first two were brought down by the guns of M'Shane and Joey, and O'Donahue killed a third from the carriage windows.

One of the others advanced furiously, and sprang upon the horse which the courier was cutting free. Joey leapt down, and put his pistol to the animal's head, and blew out his brains, while M'Shane, who had followed our hero, with the other pistol, disabled the only wolf that remained.

But this danger which they had escaped from was nothing compared to that which threatened them; the whole pack now came sweeping like a torrent down the hill, with a simultaneous yell which might well strike terror into the bravest. The horse which had fallen down when the wolf seized him was still not clear of the sleigh, and the other three were quite unmanageable. M'Shane, Joey, and the courier, at last drew him clear from the track; they jumped into their places, and away they started again like the wind; for the horses were maddened with fear. The whole pack of wolves was not one hundred yards from them when they recommenced their speed, and when M'Shane considered that there was no hope. But the horse that was left on the road proved their salvation; the starved animals darted upon it, piling themselves one on the other, snarling and tearing each other in their conflict for the feast. It was soon over; in the course of three minutes the carcass had disappeared, and the major portion of the pack renewed their pursuit; but the carriage had proceeded too far a-head of them, and their speed being now uninterrupted, they gained the next village, and O'Donahue had the satisfaction of leading his terrified bride into the chamber at the post-house, where she fainted as soon as she was placed in a chair.

'I'll tell you what, Joey, I've had enough of wolves for all my life,' said M'Shane; 'and Joey, my boy, you're a good shot in the first place, and a brave little fellow in the next; here's a handful of roubles, as they call them, for you to buy lollipops with, but I don't think you'll find a shop that sells them hereabouts. Never mind, keep your sweet tooth till you get to old England again; and after I tell Mrs. M'Shane what you have done for us this day, she will allow you to walk into a leg of beef, or round a leg of mutton, or dive into a beefsteak pie, as long as you live, whether it be one hundred years, more or less. I've said it, and don't you forget it; and now, as the wolves have not made their supper upon us, let us go and see what we can sup upon ourselves.'

## PART 6.

### CHAP. XVI.

#### RETURN TO ENGLAND.

The remainder of the journey was completed without any further adventure, and they at last found themselves out of the Russian dominions, when they were met by the uncle of the Princess, who, as a Pole, was not sorry that his niece had escaped being married to a Russian. He warmly greeted O'Donahue, as his connection, and immediately exerted all the interest which he had at court to pacify the Emperor.

When the affair first became known, which it soon did, by the Princess not returning to Court, his Majesty was anything but pleased at being outwitted; but the persuasions of the Empress, the pleading of the English Ambassador, who exerted himself strenuously for O Donahue, with the efforts made in other quarters, and, more than all, the letter of O Donahue, proving that the Emperor had given his consent (unwittingly, it is true,) coupled with his wish of entering into his service, at last produced the desired effect, and after two months a notice of their pardon and permission to return was at last despatched by the Empress. O Donahue considered that it was best to take immediate advantage of this turn in his favor, and to retrace his way to the capital. M Shane, who had been quite long enough in the situation of a domestic now announced his intention to return home; and O Donahue, aware that he was separating him from his wife, did not, of course, throw any obstacle in the way of his departure. Our little hero, who has lately become such a cypher in our narrative, was now the subject of consideration. O Donahue wished him to remain with him, but M Shane opposed it.

'I tell you, O Donahue, that it's no kindness to keep him here; the boy is too good to be a page at a lady's shoestring, or even a servant to so great a man as you are yourself now; besides, how will he like being buried here in a foreign country, and never go back to old England?'

'But what will he do better in England, M'Shane?'

'Depend upon it, Major,' said the Princess, for she was now aware of M'Shane's rank, 'I will treat him like a son.'

'Still he will be a servant, my lady, and that's not the position—although, begging your pardon, an Emperor might be proud to be your servant, yet that's not the position for little Joey.'

'Prove that you will do better for him, M'Shane, and he is yours; but, without you do, I am too partial to him to like to part with him. His conduct on the journey—'

'Yes, exactly; his conduct on the journey, when the wolves would have shared us out between them, is one great reason for my objection. He is too good for a menial, and that's a fact. You ask me what I intend to do with him; it is not so easy to answer that question, because you see, my lady, there's a certain Mrs. M'Shane in the way, who must be consulted; but I think that when I tell her, what I consider to be as near the truth as most things which are said in this world, that if it had not been for the courage and activity of little Joey, a certain Major M'Shane would have been by this time eaten and digested by a pack of wolves, why, I then think, as Mrs. M'Shane and I have no child, nor prospect of any, as I know of, that she may be well inclined to come into my way of thinking, and of adopting him as her son; but, of course, this cannot be said without my consulting with Mrs. M'Shane, seeing as how the money is her own, and she has a right to do as she pleases with it.'

'That, indeed, alters the case,' replied O Donahue, 'and I must not stand in the way of the boy's interest; still I should like to do something for him.'

'You have done something for him, O Donahue; you have prevented his starving; and if he has been of any use to you, it is but your reward—so you and he are quits. Well, then, it is agreed that I take him with me?'

'Yes,' replied O Donahue, 'I cannot refuse my consent after what you have said.'

Two days after this conversation the parties separated. O Donahue, with his wife, accompanied by Dimitri, set off on their return to St. Petersburg; while M Shane, who had provided himself with a proper passport, got into the diligence, accompanied by little Joey, on his way back to England.

## CHAP. XVII.

### THE DAY AFTER THE MURDER.

We must now return to the village of Grassford and the cottage in which we left Rushbrook and his wife, who had been raised up from the floor by her husband, and having now recovered from her swoon, was crying bitterly for the loss of her son, and the dread of her husband's crime being discovered. For some time Rushbrook remained in silence, looking at the embers in the grate; Mum sometimes would look piteously in his master's face, at other times he would slowly approach the weeping woman. The intelligence of the animal told him that something was wrong. Finding himself unnoticed, he would then go to the door by which Joey had quitted, sniff at the crevice, and return to his master's side.

'I'm glad that he's off,' at last muttered Rushbrook; 'he's a fine boy that.'

'Yes, he is,' replied Jane; 'but when shall I behold him again?'

'By-and-bye, never fear, wife. We must not stay in this place, provided this affair blows over.'

'If it does, indeed!'

'Come, come, Jane, we have every reason to hope it will; now, let's go to bed; it would not do, if any one should happen to have been near the spot, and to have found out what has taken place, for us to be discovered not to have been in bed all night, or even for a light to be seen at the cottage by any early riser. Come, Jane, let's to bed.'

Rushbrook and his wife retired, the light was extinguished, and all was quiet, except conscience, which still tormented and kept Rushbrook turning to the right and left continually. Jane slept not; she listened to the wind; the slightest noise—the crowing of a cock—startled her, and soon footsteps were heard of those passing the windows. They could remain in bed no longer. Jane arose, dressed, and lighted the fire; Rushbrook remained sitting on the side of the bed, in deep thought.

'I've been thinking Jane,' said he at last, 'it would be better to make away with Mum.'



'With the dog! Why, it can't speak, poor thing. No, no—don't kill the poor dog.'

'He can't speak, but the dog has sense; he may lead them to the spot.'

'And if he were to do so, what then? it would prove nothing.'

'No; only it would go harder against Joey.'

'Against the boy! yes, it might convince them that Joey did the deed; but still, the very killing of the animal would look suspicious; tie him up, Rushbrook; that will do as well.'

'Perhaps better,' replied he; 'tie him up in the back kitchen; there's a good woman.'

Jane did so, and then commenced preparing the breakfast; they had taken their seats, when the latch of the door was lifted up, and Furness, the schoolmaster, looked in. This he was often in the habit of doing, to call Joey out to accompany him to school.

'Good morning,' said he; 'now where's my friend Joey?'

'Come in, come in, neighbor, and shut the door,' said Rushbrook; 'I wish to speak to you. Mayhap you'll take a cup of tea; if so, my missus will give you a good one.'

'Well, as Mrs. Rushbrook does make every thing so good, I don't care if I do, although I have had breakfast; but where's my friend Joey? the lazy little dog; is he not up yet? Why, Mrs. Rushbrook, what's the matter, you look distressed?'

'I am, indeed,' replied Jane, putting her apron to her eyes.

'Why, Mrs. Rushbrook, what is it?' inquired the pedagogue.

'Just this; we are in great trouble about Joey. When we got up this morning we found that he was not in bed, and he has never been home since.'

'Well, that is queer; why, where can the young scamp be gone to?'

'We don't know; but we find that he took my gun with him, and I'm afraid—' and here Rushbrook paused, shaking his head.

'Afraid of what?'

'That he has gone poaching, and has been taken by the keepers.'

'But did he ever do so before?'

'Not by night, if he did by day. I can't tell; he always has had a hankering that way.'

'Well, they do whisper the same of you, neighbor. Why do you keep a gun?'

'I've carried a gun all my life,' replied Rushbrook, 'and I don't choose to be without one; but that's not to the purpose; the question is, what would you advise us to do?'

'Why, you see, friend Rushbrook,' replied the schoolmaster, 'advice in this question becomes rather difficult. If Joey has been poaching as you imagine, and has been taken up as you suspect, why, then, you will soon hear of it; you, of course, have had no hand in it.'

'Hand in it!—hand in what?' replied Rushbrook. 'Do you think we would trust a child like him with a gun?'

'I should think not; and therefore it is evident that he has acted without the concurrence of his parents. That will acquit you; but still it will

not help Joey; neither do I think you will be able to recover the gun, which I anticipate will become a deadend to the lord of the manor.'

'But the child—what will become of him?' exclaimed Jane.

'What will become of him?—why, as he is of tender years, they will not transport him—at least, I should think not; they may imprison him for a few months, and order him to be privately whipped. I do not see what you can do, but remain quiet. I should recommend you not to say one syllable about it until you hear more.'

'But suppose we do not hear?'

'That is to suppose that he did not go out with the gun to poach, but upon some other expedition.'

'What else could the boy have gone out for?' said Rushbrook, hastily.

'Very true; it is not very likely that he went out to commit murder,' replied the pedagogue.

At the word 'murder' Rushbrook started from his chair; but, recollecting himself, he sat down again.

'No, no, Joey commit murder!' cried he.—

'Ha, ha, ha,—no, no, Joey is no murderer.'

'I should suspect not. Well, master Rushbrook, I will dismiss my scholars this morning, and make every inquiry for you. Byres will be able to ascertain very soon, for he knows the new keeper of the manor-house.'

'Byres help you, did you say? No, no, Byres never will,' replied Rushbrook, solemnly.

'And why not, my friend?'

'Why,' replied Rushbrook, recollecting himself, 'he has not been over cordial with me lately.'

'Nevertheless, depend upon it, he will if he can,' replied Furness; 'if not for you, he will for me. Good morning, Mrs. Rushbrook, I will hasten away now; but will you not go with me?' continued Furness, appealing to Rushbrook.

'I will go another way; it's no use both going the same road.'

'Very true,' replied the pedagogue, who had his reasons for not wishing the company of Rushbrook, and Furness then left the house.

Mr. Furness found all his boys assembled in the school-room, very busily employed thumbing their books; he ordered silence, and informed them, that in consequence of Joey being missing, he was going to assist his father to look after him; and therefore they would have a holiday for that day. He then ranged them all in a row, and made them turn to the right face, clap their hands simultaneously, and disperse.

Although Mr. Furness had advised secrecy to the Rushbrooks, he did not follow up the advice he had given; indeed, his reason for not having wished Rushbrook to be with him was, that he might have an opportunity of communicating his secret through the village, which he did by calling at every cottage, and informing the women who were left at home, that Joey Rushbrook had disappeared last night, with his father's gun, and that he was about to go in quest of him. Some nodded and smiled, others shook their heads, some were not all surprised at it, others thought that things could not go on so forever.



Mr. Furness having collected all their various opinions, then set off to the ale-house, to find Byres, the pedlar. When he arrived, he found that Byres had not come home that night, and where he was nobody knew, which was more strange, as his box was up in his chamber. Mr. Furness returned to the village, intending to communicate this information to Rushbrook, but, on calling, he found that Rushbrook had gone out in search of the boy. Furness then resolved to go up at once to the keeper's lodge, and solve the mystery. He took the high road, and met with Rushbrook, returning.

'Well, have you gained any tidings?' inquired the pedagogue.

'None,' replied Rushbrook.

'Then it's my opinion, my worthy friend, that we had better at once proceed to the keeper's cottage and make inquiry; for strange to say, I have been to the alehouse, and my friend Byres is also missing.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Rushbrook, who had now completely recovered his self-possession. 'Be it so, then; let us go to the keeper's.'

They soon arrived there, and found the keeper at home, for he had returned to his dinner.—Rushbrook, who had been cogitating how to proceed, was the first to speak.

'You hav'n't taken my poor Joey, have you, sir?' said he to the keeper.

'Not yet,' replied the keeper surlily.

'You don't mean to say that you know nothing about him?' said Rushbrook.

'Yes, I know something about him and about you too, my chap,' replied the keeper.

'But, Mr. Lucas,' interrupted the pedagogue, 'allow me to put you in possession of the facts. It appears that this boy—a boy of great natural parts, and has been for some time under my tuition, did last night, but at what hour is unknown to his disconsolate parents, leave the cottage, taking with him his father's gun, and has not been heard of since.'

'Well, I only hope he's shot himself, that's all,' replied the keeper. 'So you have a gun then, have you, my honest chap?' continued he, turning to Rushbrook—

'Which,' replied Furness, 'as I have informed him already will certainly be forfeited as a deodand to the Lord of the Manor; but, Mr. Lucas, this is not all; our mutual friend, Byres, the pedlar, is also missing, having left the Cat and Fiddle last night, and not having been heard of since.'

'Indeed! that makes out a different case, and must be inquired into immediately. I think you were not the best of friends, were you,' said the keeper, looking at Rushbrook; and then he continued: 'Come, Mary, give me my dinner, quick, and run up as fast as you can for Dick and Martin, tell them to come down with their retrievers only. Never fear, my chap, we'll find your son also, and your gun to boot. You may hear more than you think for.'

'All I want to know,' replied Rushbrook fiercely, for his choler was raised by the sneers of the keeper, 'is, where my boy may be.' So saying, he quitted the cottage, leaving the schoolmaster with the keeper.

As Rushbrook returned home, he resolved in his mind what had passed, and decided that nothing could be more favorable for himself, however it might turn out for Joey. This conviction quieted his fears, and when the neighbors came in to talk with him, he was very cool and collected in his replies. In the mean time the keeper made a hasty meal, and, with his subordinates and the dogs, set off to the covers, which they beat till dark without success. The gun, however, which Joey had thrown down in the ditch, had been picked up by one of the laborers returning from his work, and taken by him to the alehouse. None could identify the gun, as Rushbrook had never permitted it to be seen. Lucas, the keeper, came in about an hour after dusk, and immediately took possession of it.

Such were the events of the first day after Joey's departure. Notwithstanding that the snow fell fast, the Cat and Fiddle was, as it may be supposed, unusually crowded on that night. Various were the surmises as to the disappearance of the pedlar and of little Joey. The keeper openly expressed his opinion that there was foul play somewhere, and it was not until near midnight that the alehouse was deserted and the doors closed.

Rushbrook and his wife went to bed; tired with watching and excitement, they found oblivion for a few hours in a restless and unrefreshing sleep.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A CORONER'S INQUEST.

Day had scarcely dawned when the keeper and his satellites were again on the search.—The snow had covered the ground for three or four inches, and, as the covers had been well examined on the preceding day, they now left them and went on in the direction towards where the gun had been picked up. This brought them direct to the furze bottom, where the dogs appeared to quicken their movements, and when the keepers came up with them again, they found them lying down by the frozen and stiffened corpse of the pedlar.

'Murder, as I expected,' said Lucas, as they lifted up the body and scraped off the snow which had covered it; 'right through his heart poor fellow; who would have expected this from such a little varmint? Look about, my lads, and see if we can find anything else.—What is Nap scratching at?—a bag—take it up, Martin—Dick, do you go for some people to take the body to the Cat and Fiddle while we see if we can find anything more.'

In a quarter of an hour the people arrived, the body was carried away, while the keeper went off in all haste to the authorities.

Furness, the schoolmaster, as soon as he had obtained the information, hastened to Rushbrook's cottage, that he might be the first to convey the intelligence. Rushbrook, however, from the back of the cottage had perceived the people carrying in the body, and was prepared.

'My good people, I am much distressed, but it must be told, although, believe me—I feel for you—your son—my pupil—has murdered the pedlar.'

'Impossible,' cried Rushbrook.

'It is but too true; I cannot imagine how a boy brought up under my tuition—nay, Mrs. Rushbrook, don't cry—brought up, I may say, with such strict notions of morality, promising so fairly, blossoming so sweetly—'

'He never murdered the pedlar!' cried Jane, whose face was buried in her apron.

'Who then could have?' replied Furness.

'He never shot him intentionally, I'll swear,' said Rushbrook; 'if the pedlar has come to his death, it must have been by some accident. I suppose the gun went off somehow or other; yes, that must be it; and my poor boy, frightened at what had taken place, has run away.'

'Well,' replied the schoolmaster, 'such may have been the case; and I do certainly feel as if it were impossible that a boy like Joey, brought up by me, grounded in every moral duty—I may add, religiously and piously instructed—could ever commit such a horrible crime.'

'Indeed he never did,' replied Jane; 'I am sure he never would do such a thing.'

'Well, I must wish you good bye now, my poor people; I will go down to the Cat and Fiddle, and hear what they say,' cried the pedagogue, quitting the cottage.

'Jane, be careful,' said Rushbrook; 'our great point now is to say nothing. I wish that man would not come here.'

'Oh, Rushbrook!' cried Jane, 'what would I give if we could live this last three days over again!'

'Then imagine, Jane, what I would give,' replied Rushbrook, striking his forehead; 'and now say no more about it.'

At twelve o'clock the next day the magistrates met, and the coroner's inquest was held on the body of the pedlar. On examination of the body, it was ascertained that a charge of small shot had passed directly through the heart, so as to occasion immediate death; that the murder had not been committed with a view of robbing, it was evident, as the pedlar's purse, watch, and various other articles, were found upon his person.

The first person examined was a man of the name of Green, who had found the gun in the ditch. The gun was produced, and he deposed to its being the one which he had picked up and given into the possession of the keeper; but no one could say to whom the gun might belong.

The next party who gave his evidence was Lucas, the gamekeeper. He deposed that he knew the pedlar, Byres, and that, being anxious to prevent poaching, he had offered him a good sum if he would assist him in convicting any poacher; that Byres had then confessed to him that he had often received game from Rushbrook, the father of the boy, and still continued to do so, but Rushbrook had treated him ill, and he was determined to be revenged upon him, and get him sent out of the country; that Byres had informed him on the Saturday night before

the murder was committed, that Rushbrook was to be out on Monday night to procure game for him, and that if he looked out sharp, he was certain to be taken. Byres had also informed him that he had never yet found out when Rushbrook left his cottage or returned, although he had often tracked the boy, Joey. As the boy was missing on the Monday morning, and Byres did not return to the alehouse after he went out on Saturday night, he presumed that it was on the Sunday night that the pedlar was murdered.

The keeper then farther deposed as to the finding of the body and also of a bag by the side of it; that the bag had evidently been used for putting game in, not only from the smell, but from the feathers of the birds which were still remaining inside of it.

The evidence as to the finding of the body and the bag was corroborated by that of Martin and Dick, the under-keepers.

Mr. Furness then made his appearance to give voluntary evidence, notwithstanding his great regard expressed for the Rushbrooks. He deposed that, calling at the cottage on Monday morning for his pupil, he found the father and mother in great distress at the disappearance of their son, whom they stated to have left the cottage some time during the night, and to have taken his father's gun with him, and that their son had not since returned; that he pointed out to Rushbrook the impropriety of his having a gun, and that Rushbrook had replied that he had carried one all his life, and did not choose to be without one; that they told him, they supposed that he had gone out to poach, and was taken by the keepers, and had requested him to go and ascertain if such were the fact. Mr. Furness added, that he really imagined that to be the case, now that he saw the bag, which he recognised as having been once brought to him by little Joey, with some potatoes, which his parents had made him a present of; that he could swear to the bag, and so could several others as well as himself. Mr. Furness then commenced a long flourish about his system of instruction, in which he was stopped by the Coroner, who said that it had nothing to do with the business.

It was then suggested that Rushbrook and his wife should be examined. There was some demur at the idea of the father and mother giving evidence against their child, but it was overruled, and in ten minutes they both made their appearance.

Mrs. Rushbrook, who had been counselled by her husband, was the first examined, but she would not answer any question put to her. She did nothing but weep, and to every question her only reply was: 'If he did kill him it was by accident; my boy would never commit murder.' Nothing more was to be obtained from her, and the magistrates were so moved by her distress that she was dismissed.

Rushbrook trembled as he was brought in and saw the body laid out on the table, but he soon recovered himself, and became nerved and resolute, as people often will do in extremity. He had made up his mind to answer some questions, but not all.

'Do you know at what time your son left the cottage?'

'I do not.'

'Does that gun belong to you?'

'Yes, it is mine.'

'Do you know that bag?'

'Yes, it belongs to me.'

'It has been used for putting game into; has it not?'

'I shall not answer that question. I'm not on trial.'

Many other questions were put to him, but he

refused to answer them: and as they would all more or less have criminated himself as a poacher, his refusals were admitted. Rushbrook had played his game well, in admitting the gun and bag to be his property, as it was of service to him, and no harm to Joey. After summing up the whole evidence, the Coroner addressed the Jury, and they returned an unanimous verdict of Wilful Murder against Joseph Rushbrook, the younger, and directed the sum of £200 to be offered for our hero's apprehension.

[To be continued.]

## PASSAGES FROM JEAN PAUL.

TRANSLATED FOR THE BOSTON NOTION, BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

### THE GRAVE.

The grave is not deep. It is the luminous foot-print of an angel who is seeking us. When the unknown hand sends the last arrow at the head of man, he bows his head, and the arrow only strikes from his wounds the crown of thorns.

### IMPLORA FACE.

Alas! how much have we all lost, if the images of blessed days departed wring from us nothing but sighs. O Rest! Rest! Thou Evening of the soul—thou silent Hesperus of the weary heart, that standest fast by the sun of Truth! when our hearts melt into tears at the very mention of thy gentle name; O, is that not a sign, that we seek after thee, but have thee not!

### THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

We are not alone. My spirit feels the passing-by of kindred spirits, and raises itself up.—Under the earth is sleep—over the earth are dreams; but between sleep and dreams I beheld eyes of light wander like stars. A cool breath comes from the ocean of Eternity over the glowing earth. My heart rises up, and will break off from Life. All is so grand about me! as if God were passing through the night. Spirits! receive my spirit; it follows after you; draw it away!

### SUNSET.

I have thought a hundred times, that if I were an angel and had wings and no specific gravity, I would soar just so far upward, that I could see the evening sun glimmer o'er the edge of

the earth, and, while I flew around with the earth, and, at the same against its motion on its axis, would hold myself always in such a position, that for a whole year long I could look into the mild, broad eye of the evening sun. But at length I would sink down, drunk with splendor, like a bee o'er-fed with honey, in sweet delirium on the grass.

### HUMAN LIFE.

A Spirit throws us from on high down into this life, and then counts seventy or eighty, as we do when we throw a stone into a deep crater; and at the seventieth pulsation or year, he hears the hollow sound as we strike the bottom of the grave.

### EVENING AND DEATH.

The day is dying amid blossom-clouds, and with its own swan-song. The alleys and gardens speak in low tones, like men, who deeply moved; and around the leaves fly the gentle winds, and around the blossoms the bees, with a tender whisper. Only the larks, like man, rise warbling into the sky, and then, like him, drop down again into the furrow; while the great soul and the sea lift themselves unheard and unseen to heaven, and rushing, sublime and fruit-giving, and waterfalls and thunder-showers, dash down into the valleys.

In a country-house on the declivity of the Bergstrasse, an unspeakably sweet tone rises from a woman's breast, like a trembling lark.—It sounds as if the Spring were flying down from Heaven with a song and singing on in one continuous tone of rapture hung poised with open wings above the earth, until the flowers

should have sprung up for its evening couch. Harshly upon this voice of song breaks the tolling bell, from a cloister behind Newengleichen. It is the so called passing bell, which the monks always ring when a man is at the point of death, so that the sympathizing soul may pray for the dying, around whom the Last Angel has drawn the shades of night, therein to sever his heart-strings, as they bandage one's eyes in the amputation of a limb. If it depended upon me—thou departing Unknown!—I would stop the death-bell and make it mute, so that now in thy darkened battlefield of death no echo of the receding earth should enter; which to thee (since the sense of having survived all other senses) so dismally announces the moment when thou art lost to us;—as to ascending aeronauts, by a discharge of cannon, is announced the moment in which they vanish from the eyes of the spectators.

#### TOYS.

There are merry, good-natured girls, who, instead of a head, have only two feet; can do nothing but laugh, sing and tattle, and are never animated with a soul, save when they are dancing—just as the little wooden drummers from Norenburgh drum and pound away—only while the playful child is pulling them round the room.

#### THE SUMMER NIGHT.

The summer alone might elevate us! God, what a season! In sooth, I often know not whether to stay in the city or go forth into the fields, so alike is it everywhere, and beautiful.—If we go outside the city gate, the very beggars gladden our hearts, for they are no longer cold; and the post-boys who can pass the whole night on horse-back, and the shepherds asleep in the open air. We need no gloomy house: We make a chamber out of every bush and thereby have my good industrious bees before us, and the most gorgeous butterflies. In gardens on the hills sit schoolboys and in the open air look out words in the dictionary. On account of the game-laws there is no shooting now, and every living thing in bush and furrow and on green branches, can enjoy itself right heartily and safely. In all directions come travellers along the roads;—they have their carriages for the most part thrown back—the horses have branches stuck in their saddles, and the drivers roses in

their mouths. The shadows of the clouds go trailing along,—the birds fly between them up and down, and journeymen mechanics wander cheerily on with their bundles, and want no work. Even when it rains we love to stand out of doors, and breathe in the quickening influence, and the wet does the herdsman harm no more. And is it night, so sit we only in a cooler shadow, from which we plainly discern the daylight on the northern horizon, and on the sweet warm stars of heaven. Wheresoever I look, there do I find my beloved blue on the flax in blossom, or the corn-flowers, and the godlike endless heaven into which I would fain spring as into a stream. And now if we turn homeward again, we find indeed but fresh delight. The street is a true nursery, for in the evening after supper, the little ones, though they have but few clothes upon them, are again let out into the open air, and not driven under the bed-quilt as in Winter.—We sup by daylight, and hardly know where the candlesticks are. In the bed-chamber the windows are open day and night, and likewise most of the doors, without danger. The oldest women stand by the window without a chill, and sew. Flowers lie about everywhere—by the inkstand—on the lawyer's papers—on the justice's table, and the tradesman's counter. The children make a great noise, and one hears the bowling of ninepin-alleys half the night through our walks up and down the street; and talks loud, and sees the stars shoot in the high heaven. The foreign musicians, who wend their way homeward towards midnight, go fiddling along the street to their quarters, and the whole neighborhood runs to the window. The extra posts arrive later, and the horses neigh. One lies in the noise by the window and drops asleep. The post-horns awake him, and the whole starry heaven hath spread itself open. O God! what a joyous life on this little earth!

#### LOVE.

Mea would have the star of Love like Venus, in Heaven—at first as dreamy Hesperus or Evening Star—announcing the world of dreams and twilight, full of blossoms and nightingales; but afterwards, on the contrary, as the Morning Star, which proclaims the brightness and strength of Day—and there is no contradiction here, since both stars are one, and differ only in the time of their appearing.

# EMINENT MEN OF FRANCE.

*Sketches of the characters of some of the eminent men of France, by a celebrated writer.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE BOSTON NOTION.

No. 1.

## M. GUIZOT.

M. Guizot is of small stature, and slender person; but he has much expression of countenance and animation of manner. In his action and aspect there is something severe and pedantic, which we find in all professors, particularly those of the sect of *Doctrinaires*\*; the sect of pride. His voice is full, sonorous and peremptory, it is not ready in expressing the tender emotions of the soul, but is rarely suppressed or dull.

M. Guizot may be ranked as a man of information, a distinguished historian, and holding a high place among the public writers of the English school. He is well versed in the ancient and modern languages. He does not shine, as a writer, by any superiority of style, by his precision, his imagination, or by the depth of his reasoning, but he is less obscure than M. Cousin; he has not the beauty and free style of M. Royer Collard, but possesses a greater abundance of ideas, is more diffuse, more varied, more positive.

It is easy to perceive that he has been more employed in the management of human affairs. Like all the preachers of the Genevese school, that school so dry and sententious, he proceeds dogmatically. He neglects the flowers of language, wants pliancy and motion, and his diction is monotonous although serious and confident. His anger reveals itself in the flashing of his eyes, and passes rapidly over his pale features; but it is quickly controlled, and there is very little external emotion; he rarely employs those wounding personalities which directly attack an adversary, designated by his name, or seat on the benches of the assembly; but, while protesting the perfect innocence of his intentions, he

launches at the opposition sarcasms, which leave their envenomed darts.

M. Guizot treats political questions philosophically, and from rather an elevated point of view. It is the manner of his master, M. Royer Collard. He selects an idea, moulds it into an axiom, and builds around it the scaffolding of his argument. He recurs to it continually, presents it singly to the view of the spectator, attracts to it and fixes there his attention. His oration is but the developement of one idea: if that be true all his discourse is true; if the idea be false, his discourse is also false. But the majority of the members to whom he addresses himself, never allow that the premises are false, and M. Guizot preserves with them all the advantages of his method.

This method is skilful in deliberative assemblies; for it is not by a variety of ideas, that one can fix the attention of an audience more or less occupied; it is rather with a single idea, adroitly chosen, well wrought out, confidently asserted and reproduced under various forms. This is therefore the usual method of professors, and we must not forget that M. Guizot and M. Royer Collard, have labored in that capacity.—A professor who did not repeat, would not be comprehended, he would be still more obscure if at once he presented before his audience a great number of principles, for their attention would not be sufficiently concentrated. The professors make use of this method of necessity, and consciously transfer it from the chair to the tribune, and as the men there assembled are not much more attentive than students, this process is habitually employed and with success.

M. Guizot makes long speeches, after the manner of the professors; he argues learnedly, after the fashion of the theologians; he is monotonous like the first, and abstracted like the second. He is master of his thoughts, and its expression, because he willingly disdains facts, and prefers abstractions; he does not easily adopt inconsiderate plans, or give much opportunity to his adversaries; nor does he display those transports of anger, those sudden emotions of the heart, those traits of imagination, those touching

\* *Doctrinaires*. Since the second restoration of the Bourbons, a small number of deputies in the French chamber would neither rank themselves among the friends of absolute power, nor among the defenders of the revolution. They supported Decazes while he was minister, and several of them held offices in the ministry. Their system embraced a constitutional monarchy, allowing the government more power than the ultra-liberals would admit, and on the other hand restricting the royal power more, and admitting less approach toward the old form of government, than the ultra-royalists demanded. They retired with Decazes, and afterwards joined the liberal opposition.



thoughts, those lively turns, which involuntarily escape an orator, which awaken his own emotion, and arouse the souls of his auditors. M. Guizot is not eloquent.

M. Guizot is thought cruel by the opposition. His flashing eyes, thin figure, and contracted lips, give him the appearance of a proseriber.—The famous words, "I will be pitiless," are attributed to him: frightful words, if they have ever been pronounced.

It is true, he has of late been possessed by an ardent and melancholy fanaticism, but this was during the warm season, which always kindles certain brains; and the theory of terror, which he has preached, all beautiful as it may be, is far from his practice.

It is singular, but M. Guizot does not impress me with the idea of a revolutionary giant: he would rather make me smile, than tremble.—Altogether, he is more of a sectarian, than a terrorist. He has more courage of mind, than resolution of heart or hand. He has rather a high esteem for himself, than indignation against his adversaries; more contempt for them than hatred. Pride fills his soul to such a degree, that no room remains for any other sentiment.—He has a violent and desperate faith in his own infallibility: were he convinced he should not be drowned, he would be the first to plunge his head into an abyss.

He renders willing homage to the sincerity of republicans; but, educated in the old doctrines of the English oligarchy, he believes an oligarchy to be the *beau ideal* of forms of government, and persuades himself that this system is much more capable of progress than the most advanced democracy.

M. Guizot is not a monarchist by sentiment, or from any personal views; it is immaterial to him, as to all those of his school, who reigns: the younger, the elder, or whatever branch of a family. The true government for him is the aristocracy; the aristocracy of the nobility, which he would have loved had he been noble; the aristocracy of the citizens, which he wishes, because he is a citizen.

M. Guizot has a sort of vigor which resembles firmness, and which always imposes both upon his own party, and that of his adversaries. Deliberative assemblies, and above all, the majority, who govern and who have need that some one should exert for them a will, are fond of deliberating men, and like that they should lead them,

and thus feel relieved of the trouble of guiding themselves.

M. Guizot has that abrupt haughtiness, which does not render him agreeable to the circle around Louis Philippe, nor to the majority of the assembly, but which makes him necessary to them. He is able to state the question clearly at decisive moments, and willingly places it before his adversaries. This species of tact, which throws the opposition into the most unpleasant situation, that is, on the defensive, has hitherto been successful. He has had the happiness of encountering, at the head of the opposition, and of the third party, none other than men of undoubted talent, but a little timid, a little undecided, who, in eluding the question of yes or no, leave to him almost all the advantage of the offensive. For to retreat when offered battle, is to acknowledge one's self vanquished.

#### M. THIERS.

M. Thiers was not nurtured in the cradle of affluence.

Born poor, it was necessary he should achieve his fortune; born obscure, he must make himself a name. Being unsuccessful as a lawyer, he became a writer, and, as a last resort, threw himself into the hands of the Liberal party, rather from necessity than conviction. Then he began to admire Danton and the Mountain men, and urged the height of his fanaticism even to an incredible excess. Overwhelmed by his necessities, like many men of lively imagination, he owed the commencement of his fortune to M. Lafitte, and of his reputation, to his talent. However, without the Revolution of 1830, M. Thiers would never have been an elector, nor eligible—neither a deputy nor minister, nor even an academicien—he would have grow old in the literary esteem of his own circle.

At present M. Thiers has changed his condition; he has made himself a monarchist, an aristocrat, a sustainer of privileges, a giver and executor of pitiless orders; he has affixed his name to the state of siege of Paris, to the horrid military punishments of Lyons, to the magnificent exploits of the street transonain, to the exiles of Mount St. Michael, to the laws respecting associations, the public criers, the courts of assize, and the newspapers; to all that has checked liberty, disgraced the press, falsified the jury, beheaded patriots, planted disunion among the

National Guard, demoralized the nation, and drawn into disrepute the generous and pure Revolution of July.

His friends he has deserted; his doctrines he has denied; he has served as a tool for royalty, convenient on all occasions—one of those instruments which yield and never break, and which can be bent even to the joining of their two ends, and become immediately straight as an arrow again, so supple are they.

When, in a monarchy, a man without character and without virtue, has received an education rather literary than moral, and, borne up by fortune, attains a degree of power, his elevation turns his head.

As he finds himself alone upon the heights where he is considered an intruder, and knows not where to lean, having neither proper self-respect, nor the respect of those around him; being no longer, and not wishing to be, of the people, and unable to be what he desires, noble and great, he places himself under the feet of the King—he kisses them, he licks them, and he knows not by what variety of services, by what supplicating caresses, by what appearance of devotion, by what genuflections, by what abasements, to testify his humility, and the excess of his adoration. Persons of this stamp, are like those predestined to the infernal regions, who have made a compact with the devil. They have his mark, and if they wish to return, to break a ring in their chain, or to move a step, their master, to whom their body is delivered, and their soul sold, cries to them, "Thou art mine!"

M. Thiers speaks continually of his honesty; we would ask what he means; of his sincerity, we would ask what this means; of his contempt for grandeur, we would put the same question; of his love for the Revolution of July, still we would demand, what does this mean?

M. Thiers is ill-formed, without height, and without grace; he resembles those little barbers of the South, who go from place to place, offering their soap. He has in his talk something of the gossiping housewife, and in his gait something of the street juggler. His nasal voice distresses the ear. We must add, that no one believes him, not even himself; and his proverbial turning about will completely remove the slight moral illusion which one might experience while listening to him. Naturally awkward, distrusting both his enemies and his friends, he has everything against him; and yet when this

little man rises to speak, he is so much at his ease, he has so much genius, so much wit, that in default of all other feeling, they permit him to proceed for the pleasure of listening to him, and cannot refuse him their admiration.

It is not that he proceeds by sudden flights to resolutions, like Dupin, nor that he has the grave style of Odilon—Barrot, or the mocking sarcasm of Mauguin, or the pompous eloquence of Sauzet, or the superior method of Guizot; it is a talent peculiar to itself, which resembles that of no one else.

It is not a speech, it is a gossip, but a gossip, lively, brilliant, light, voluble, animated, sprinkled with passages of history, anecdotes, and acute reflections; and all this is said, divided, scattered, bound, loosed, rejoined, with an incomparable dexterity of language. His imagination is so quick, that ideas seem to spring to life without thought. The vast lungs of a giant would not suffice to utter the words of this ingenious dwarf. Nature, always mindful and compassionate in her recompense, seems to have endeavored with him, to concentrate all the power of manhood in the frail organs of utterance.

His speech flies like the wing of a bird; and penetrates you so quickly, that you think yourself wounded without knowing whence came the shaft. He sometimes stops suddenly to reply to those who interrupt him, and directs his answers with a quickness of application which confounds them.

If a theory has many sides, some false and some true, he groups them, mingles them, and makes them play and sparkle before you with so quick a hand, that you have not time to detect a fallacy in its passage.

I know not if the confusion of his extemporaneous speeches, the incoherent mass of heterogeneous propositions, the extraordinary collection of all these ideas, and all these tones, is an effect of his art; but he is of all orators one whose refutation is easier when you read him, more difficult when you listen to him. He is the most amusing of our political pack-horses, the most acute of sophists, the most subtle, and the most intangible of conjurers. He is the Bosco of the tribune.

Sometimes he has compassion upon himself, and then no one knows better than he, how to imitate the victim. Sometimes he assumes the accents of a good man, and draws from his breast profound lamentations upon the perversities of

opinions. He seems also a miracle of sweetness, and at the moment when you believe that he caresses, he clutches you. Ah! the little traitor!

His disputes are not very bitter, because he is without political faith. He mocks at all theories, and there is for him little of good and evil, true and false. He loves the possession of power, not for what power is in itself, but for the well-being it procures for him. M. Guizot has pride, and M. Thiers sensualism. This is because during two-thirds of his life he has been deprived of the enjoyments of fortune, and now gorges himself with the avidity and self-enjoyment of one who is famished.

M. Thiers, notwithstanding his talent, wants consideration. Consideration is the consequence of high probity, like that of M. Dupont (de l'Eure); consideration is the consequence of a political character which has never contradicted itself, like that of General Lafayette; consideration comes from an immense fortune acquired by long labors, like that of C. Perier; consideration comes from patronage of long date, and a princely generosity, like that of M. Lafitte; consideration comes from a high dignity, and we must say, in the prejudice of our weak manners, from a high birth, like that of M. Broglie; consideration comes from military subordination, from the glory of victories, and services rendered by an illustrious sword, like that of Marshal Gerard; consideration comes from a worthy and sober life, like that of M. Royer Collard; finally, consideration comes from grace of manners, and polished affability of language, like that of M. Talleyrand; and these are not to be disdained in a country where immutable thought despatches its orders to the cabinet, and where the ministers are only tools and commissaries. Now, to which of these various kinds of consideration can M. Thiers pretend? We should be at a loss what reply to give, and so will he.

Will it be believed, that, notwithstanding, M. Thiers has seriously dreamed of taking the charge of Foreign Affairs? He would be the theme of ridicule for the aristocracies of Europe, and the reports of the ambassadors upon the manners of the little minister, would but have permitted the Great Lords of Austria and Russia to amuse themselves at the expense of the new royalty.—Nothing would be wanting if M. Thiers falls into disgrace, but to send him, for the amusement of the sultanas, on an embassy to the dominions of the Grand Turk.

M. Thiers deceives himself upon his fitness for diplomacy. He is rather made to handle secret funds, or deal with the contractors for markets, and the agents of the police, than to treat with the representatives of foreign powers. That is his calling, and to that should he attend. He will there render greater services to his lord and master.

The cabinet of Louis Philippe cannot have M. Thiers at its head on account of all these reasons, nor do without him as a minister. Have you never heard of troublesome, perplexing, covetous, familiar, indiscreet servants, who commit a hundred follies in a day, but who know all the secrets of the house? Their employers do not wish to retain them, and cannot send them away. M. Thiers is of this species of character, and by his unnatural position, the most docile of the servants of the mansion. It is he who has received the most confidential communications; he intrudes himself into all the intrigues, perplexes and disentangles them, conducts and finishes them. He has expedients abroad, and the resources of the assembly. There are no arguments so strongly arrayed that he does not pass, he has a reply for all, good or bad, but which is never waited for, and perhaps a single occasion could not be cited where he has been stopped.

It is true that this sort of talent would be of little use with a national government, which acknowledges its faults when it commits them, because a national government would follow the paths of justice; but when of premeditated design, and with a counter revolutionary object, one has set aside all truth and all liberty; when one maintains himself but by stratagems and sophisms; when one wishes the realities of despotism, with the appearance of law; it is necessary to use all of means to falsify principles, and deceive the country.

Now, M. Thiers is evidently apt to render this species of service. The *doctrinaires* also, who have taken him to their pay, have him no longer in esteem. All secretly flatter him, they fear his sudden leaps, and strokes; they will not seat him with them upon their couch, they hold him at a distance; they regard him as a man devoid of consistency, and without principle, connected with them by being under bonds for the same misdeeds, but who is not at the height of their doctrines, and whose garment, however well brushed, always permits one to perceive in some corner certain stains of revolutionary mud.

M. Thiers in his turn submits to their haughty yoke with impatience; he bends, twists, and bows himself down before them, but it is to undermine them. Concealed in his kennel, he digs their ruin: he labors with feet and hands under the edifice of their grandeur. He is the mole of the ministry.

M. Thiers, he must be praised for it, has made remarkable progress in religion. They speak of nothing at the court, and at the assembly, but of God, and of his angels, of paradise, the holy virgin, the holy church, the holy blessings of heaven, the holy mysteries, the miracles, and of Providence applied to politics. It is, in the mouths of the strange men who speak these words another species of blasphemy. The philosophers kneel humbly upon brocades of gold and purple, and atheism is made religious. How can it be, that with this the monarchy of Louis Philippe should not be saved?

For the rest, M. Thiers without being a holy man, is not a wicked one, he has not energy either to love or hate. He can be urged to excess, but will not of his own accord exceed. If he is light of character, if he is cynical in his plans, it is the defect of his bad education. Where should he learn to live? But he will not render evil for evil.

We hold him also for a man of marvellous mind, a mind of a facility of expedients, of a suppleness of form, of a clearness, fitness, and subtlety, and at the same time of a propriety, which pleases so much the more, that it contrasts strongly with the magnificent ambition of the assembly.

But still, what affectation to be always speaking of his probity! what cruel and detestable irony to vaunt of his fidelity to the revolution of July, he, who has so much betrayed it! he, the admirer of the convention, who attaches himself to the train of a majority almost legitimate! he, sprung from the ranks of the people, who assumes the aristocrat, and who pleads for the succession of the peerage! he, the panegyrist of the republican Danton! who kneels to play with the shoe-buckles of his king, and who makes himself the confidant of little secrets of the wardrobe! he, who, more than any other, ought to have remained man of the assembly, and who delights and shuts himself up in the suspected maintenance of secret funds, and of telegraphs.

Among the chief accusations with which they have uselessly oppressed the law upon the re-

sponsibility of ministers, they have forgotten one, the most essential of all, the only one perhaps which would be of use at the present time: it is the head of the accusation for demoralizing the people.

Ah! when the revolution of July shall have broken the chain with which the *doctrinaires* have fettered it, while without distrust, its eyes are innocently raised toward heaven, we shall behold it carry against men of this sort a terrible accusation. It will say to them:

"I had nothing to expect from those who followed fallen royalty to Ghent, and who always display with an audacity full of impudence, but of sincerity, the doctrines of the restoration.—But you, men of July, you, whom I have drawn from your obscurity; you, whom I have taken by the hand, and led, step by step, to the height of power, what have you done for my honor? Why am I become the laughing-stock of Europe? Why, when patriots of other lands fixedly regard their oppressors, am not I presented to their hopes, or even to their remembrance? Why trembles not my name more frequently upon their lips, when they would murmur the sacred words of liberty? Have I poured out the purest of my blood only to expiate the triumph of my principles by the bitter derision of its consequences? Independence, liberty, country, honor, virtue, you have all been dearly purchased! You have inspired with your cowardly terrors those assemblies of legislators, who in former times, at the sublime notes of the Marseilles Hymn, would have led our armies against the enemy; those citizens from whom came the heroes of our great wars; those abused operatives who will not know you until after you have ruined and destroyed them. You have been to the very extremity of Europe, to beseech a petty king to be so good as to accept the money of our artisans and our laborers, and behold now you are passing the seas, tribute in hand, to beg of America, who laughs at you, pardon, and oblivion of our victories! Continue to degrade your monarchy. Cover it with the ignoble tinsel of the police, and of stock-jobbing. Enrol your principles under the guard of your bailiffs. Calculate at current price, upon the down of your sofas, what may be the value of the conscience of one who denies a charter, or a salaried man; but mercy on the virtue of the people! Mercy! Display not before them the spectacle of your apostacies, and the corruption of your examples!

Go! the love of liberty, which, under your impure breath, withered and died in their souls, will know well how to revive when it shall be time for it, and whatever you should do to bru-

talize this noble people, they will still retain sufficient intelligence to comprehend all the evil that you have done to them, and sufficient justice to punish you!"

M. R. T.

# MUSIC.

BY H. F. GOULD.

Music? A blessed angel! She was born Within the palace of the King of kings--- A favorite near his throne. In that glad child Of Love and Joy, he made their spirits one; And her, the heir to everlasting life! When his bright hosts would give him highest praise, They send her forward with her dulcet voice, To pour their holy rapture in his ear.

When the young earth to being started forth, Music lay sleeping in a bower of heaven. A crystal fountain close beside her gushed With living waters; and the sparkling cup For her pure draught, stood on its emerald brink.

While o'er her brow a tender halo shone, Kissed by the nodding buds, her head reclined Upon a flowery pillow. At her ear, The soft leaves whispered. On her half-closed lips The gentle air strewed spices, wooing them. Dropped o'er its radiant orb, the long-fringed lid Veiled the deep inspiration of her eye; But on her cheek the rose-tint came and went, At the quick pulse that fluttered in her breast, And spoke a wakeful spirit. In her sleep, With one fair hand thrown o'er its silent strings, Close to her heart she clasped her golden lyre. To slumber with her, while she fondly dreamed Of the sweet uses she might make of it To numbers yet untried.

When, suddenly, A shout of joy from all the sons of God, Rang through his courts: and then the thrilling call, "Wake! sister Music, wake, and hail with us, A new-created sphere!"

She woke! She rose--- She moved among the morning stars, and gave The birth-song of a world.

Our infant globe, With life's first pulse, rolled in its ether bed, Robed with the sun-light, mantled by the moon, Or tenderly embraced by stellar rays: Death with his pale, cold finger had not touched its beauty then. No stain of guilt was here, And so, no cloud of sorrow cast a shade, Or rained its bitter drops on fruit or flower.

As earth on every side shone fair to heaven,

Not knowing yet whereto she was ordained, Music, from her celestial walks looked down, And thought, how sweetly she could wake the hills, Sing through the silent forests---in the vales--- Beside the silver waters pour her sounds; And multiply her numbers by the rocks! She longed to give it voice to speak to God; And, being told of her blest ministry, Bathed in a flood of glory, till her wings Dripped with effulgence, as they spread, and poised, And passed the pearly gates in earthward flight.

Made viewless by the circumambient air, And scattering voices to its feathered tribes, As down she hastened to the shining sphere, The happy angel reached the beauteous earth. At her electric touch, young Nature smiled, And kindled into rapture; then broke forth With thousand, thousand songs.

The green turf woke; The sea-shells hummed along the vocal shore, The busy bee, upon his honied flower. Osier and reed became æolian lyres. Trees bore sweet minstrels; while rock, hill, and dell Sang to each other in a joyous round. MAN, that mysterious instrument of God, When the warm soul of new-descended power Breathed on his heart-strings, lifted up his voice, Chanting, "JEHOVAH!"

Since that blessed hour, While still her home is heaven, Music has ne'er This darkened world forsaken. She delights, Though man may lose, or keep the paths of peace, To soothe, to cheer, to light and warm his heart; And lends her wings to waft it to the skies.

She throws a lustre o'er devotion's face--- Drinks off the tear from sorrow's languid eye--- Tames wild despair---brings hope a brighter bloom--- Lulls hate to rest---love's ruffled bosom smooths; Pours honey into many bitter cup; And often gives the black and heavy hour A downy breast and pinions tipped with light.

She steals all balmy through the prisoner's grates, Making that sad one half forget their use. With holy spell she binds the exile's heart, And pours her oil upon its hidden wounds. Kings are her lovers---cottagers her loves:



The hero and the pilgrim walk with her.  
Her voice is sweet by cradled infancy;  
And from the pillow of the dying saint,  
When a glad spirit borrows her light wings  
To practise for the skies, ere it unfolds  
Its own, and breaks its tenure to the clay.

True, by man's wanderings for his tempter's lure,  
Music is often drawn to scenes unmeet  
For purity like her's; and made to bear  
Unhallowed burdens; or, to join in rites  
To turpitude in fellest places held.  
Yet, like the sun, whose beaming vesture, trailed  
O'er all things staining, still defies a stain;  
And is at night withdrawn, and girded up,  
Warm and untarnished for the morning skies---  
She comes unsullied from her baser walks,  
Sighs at the darkness, guilt and woe of earth;  
Breathes Zion's air, and warmed with heavenly fire,  
Mounts to her glorious home!

'Twas she who bore  
The first grand offering of the free, on high,  
When to the shore, through Egypt's solemn sea,  
The franchised Hebrews passed with feet dry-shod,  
And pæans gave to their Deliverer there.  
She cheered the wanderers on; and when they crossed  
Over old Jordan, to the strong-armed foe,  
Still she was with them; and her single breath  
Laid the proud Paynim's city-walls in dust!

In native light, she walked Judea's hills,  
And sipped the dew of Hermon from its flower

Before the Sun of Righteousness arose.

The Prophet chose her to unseal his lips,  
Ere God spake through them; and the Prophetess,  
To lift the heart's pure gift from her's to heaven.

When Israel's king was troubled, her soft hand  
Put close, but gently to his gloomy breast,  
Reached the dark spirit there, and laid it still,  
Bound by the chords a shepherd minstrel swept.  
And since, her countless thousands she has brought  
To heaven's mild kingdom, happy captives led,  
By those sweet, glowing strings of David's lyre.

But oh! her richest, dearest notes to man,  
In strains aerial over Bethlehem poured!  
When HE whose brightness is the light of heaven,  
To earth descending for a mortal's form,  
Laid by his glory, save one radiant mark,  
That moved through space, and o'er the infant hung:  
He summoned Music to attend him here,  
Announcing peace below!

He called her, too,  
To sweeten that sad supper, and to twine  
Her mantle round him and his few, grieved friends,  
To join their mournful spirits with the hymn,  
Ere to the Mount of Olives he went out  
So sorrowful.

And now, his blessed word,  
A sacred pledge, is left to dying man,  
Then at his second coming in his power,  
Music shall still be with him; and her voice  
Sound through the tombs and wake the dead to life!

# LINES ADDRESSED TO C. A. B.

BY I. M'LELLAN.

By Michigan's romantic shore  
Among the prairie blooms he sleeps,  
Where the wild willow leaning o'er,  
Above the grassy churchyard weeps.

The early morn, the glowing eve,  
As o'er the yellow beach they spread,  
Smile where the flowery hillocks heave  
Above the stranger's lowly bed.

And many a dewy flower of spring  
— The snow-drop and the violet blue,  
Along the verdant carpet spring;  
And Autumn sheds his glories too.

The wood-dove folds her purple wing  
To haunt the spot, it is so still,  
The red-bird there delights to bring  
His voice the twilight woods to fill.

Dear youth! How dark a shadow now doth rest  
Around thy old paternal door,  
Sorrow weighs heavy in each breast  
That thou returnest there no more!

Thy passing sigh, thy dying throb  
Hast to each parent's heart been borne—

Brother and sister join the sob  
And long in heart-felt grief will mourn.  
Their wistful eyes towards the West  
No more thy coming form await;  
Nor for the long-expected guest  
Impatient do they crowd the gate.

Thy happy smile, thy cheerful look,  
No more may cheer their beaming eyes.  
— Thy seat is empty and thy book  
Neglected by the fireside lies.

Low in the dull and darksome mould  
The dust upon thy head is spread.  
The voice is hushed, the lip is cold,  
The brightness of the eye hath fled.

But memory survives the tomb,  
And human love will ever keep  
Thy name, thy worth in endless bloom,  
Till they who love thee, with thee sleep.

For thee, in fancy, they will dress  
With pious hands thy distant bier,  
Still printing the last fond caress,  
Still shedding o'er thy grave the tear.